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MR. SCHULTZE: (Speaking of colors, using a blue collar for the illustration). "Your collar gives me the blues."

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VOICE: "No wonder it was killed."

REX DRYER: "I smoke a pipe now."

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HAZEL PEARSE: "You don't need a ten foot pole to lay your hand on her either."

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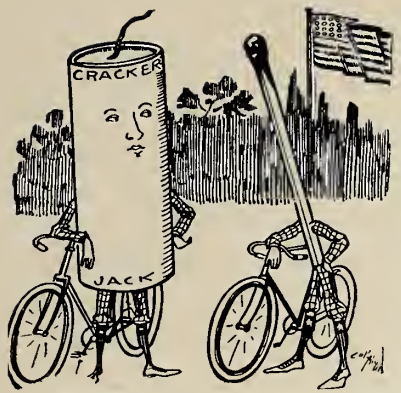

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Enter Miss Hull: She leans out to look ahead.

Enter Long: He holds her in, but holds her too tight.

MISS HULL: "Baron, stop that."

LONG: "I was afraid that you would fall out."

MISS HULL: "I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself."

(Chaperon appears and curtain falls)

MARION MILLER: "Pallas was the father of Jove."

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M. JAY (to member of class): "Now don't make any engagements to-night, for you are engaged to me."

(A sigh.)

MCMILLAN (to Jones): "Who was Medusa?"

Jones stands motionless for two or three minutes.

MCMILLAN: "You must have looked at Medusa."

JONES: "I can't pronounce the next word." Unconquerable, he tries and finally does so.

MCMILLAN: "I thought it was not unconquerable."

HOWARD PIERCE: "When Homer says 'sure-footed mules,' he compliments the donkeys."

DRAYER (translating Greek): "But the barbers (barbarians) were faithful to Cyrus."

VOICE: "How many scalps did he get?"

EDITH PHILLEY: "One river went wondering through the fields."

WILSON (as Lane comes down the aisle: "See the conquering host advancing, Satan leading on!"

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McM.: "What did he do with them?"
HOWARD PIERCE: "He eat 'em."

BESS TAGGERT (translating): "Cæsar repulsed many engagements"
M. SABIN: "Bess, do you know what it is to repulse an engagement?"
BESS: "No. Oh, well—"

MARION MILLER: "The Allobroges said that there was nothing left of them but the bare ground."

A. PARRY: "You can't see which way it flows with its eye."

HOPKINS: "I love above all things to sit on the bench."

GESSIE REITZ: "Oh, my foot!".
A FRIEND: "Which one, honey; the left, right, or Charley?"

LANE TO C UPMEYER. "You speak like one upon a rack where tortured men say anything."

FLOSSIE PARK (translating): "Cæsar attacked one canto (canton) unexpectedly."

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MISS SABIN (transtating indirect discourse): You don't need to think you have done so much."

MISS DRYER (excusing F. Bohn): "Class excused.

LULU TRIER (in history): "Alcibiades ran excursions.

ELIZABETH EVANS: "I think Chas Foote is the killingest boy."

MCMILLAN (as Reilly yawns aloud): "Mr. Reilly, please go to sleep with less noise."

MR. SCHULTZE: "Here is a volume of air—"
(Pupils prepare to write). S.: "Oh, keep it in your head."

BLANCHE LARIMORE: "My feet are cold away up to my knees."

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E. EVANS: "It is a nominative genitive."

MISS JAY: "Will everybody see if he has his own composition class in his desk?"

BEN COWAN (Translating): "Cornelia was a short sighted woman."

MISS DRYER (Translating): "Tiberius Gracchus and Gaius Gracchus were daughters of Cornelia."

In History class Rothschild opens stove door. M. KOLB: "Never mind, Mr. Rothschild, I will make it hot enough for you before you get out of here."

MISS SABIN: "What is the 'tenor' of Cæsar's speech?"
VOICE: "Second Bass."

MCMILLAN: "What animal stands at bay?"
LEAH COHN: "A hunting dog."

MISS SABIN: "Think of a wheat field with all its corn burned down."

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M. SABIN: "Would ¾ of a pound of flour feed a person for a day?"

ROTHSCHILD: "That depends upon the size of the person."

HOWARD PIERCE (to McMillan): "Yes ma'm."

MCMILLAN: "He had saw it."

MCMILLAN: "Who was Apollo?"

CLAUDINE JACKSON: "She was the Goddess of Wisdom."

MISS KOLB: "Redraw this over again."

MARION MILLER (reading): "Tell the name thy mother called thy father."

ADAH HIGGINS (in library): "Charlie, do you know the definition of a kiss?"

C. HUGHES: "No."

A. HIGGINS: "Just wait a minute and I will give you one."

HUGHES: "Hully Gee! this is a library, not a postoffice."

RÉILLY: "I don't see where it is at."

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LANE (to Reilly): "Frank, take that stick out of your mouth"
RIELLY: "It isn't a stick, it is a match."
LANE: "I could see that, but don't chew brimstone before you bite the dust."

MISS KOLB: "How do Bills meet their death in the senate?"
WILLSON: "By Pneumonia"

ADAH HIGGINS: "I saw it once't."

MCMILLAN (to Alex Olds): "You can't expect to whisper with your buck-saw voice and not be caught."

JONES: "His property will be confisticated."

SCHULTZE: "Can the buffalo find as much food now as he used to could?"

MCMILLAN (to Rothschild): "If you are too small to bahave yourself we will treat you as a baby."

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ARTHUR HIBBINS (as McMillan tells some stories about mercury): "I am somewhat of a liar myself, but there are others."

ALBERT LAPP: "He ete it."

BERTHA WILKINSON: "Thetis was one of the Gods."

BERTHA WILKINSON: "A crafty person is one who speaks before he thinks."

MCMILLAN: "You are certainly crafty this morning then."

MCMILLAN: "That makes him deader."

MCMILLAN: "Your book has not much notes."

MR. SCHULTZE: "The wind blowed."

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McMILLAN (speaking of Helen) "She was hellin (Hel-en) herself and heaven in her face."

An English scholar musing about McMillian: "Oh, may some God the power give him, to see himself as others see him."

McMILLAM: "I hope that before I die that gods may bestow wit and save a sin upon me."

ADDIE DIETHER: "I do love to try to find a way to fix my hair so I will be attractive."

ADDIE DIETHER: "My two little funny curls are enough to give a man the snakes."

JESSIE REITZE: "Little, but Oh My!"

KEEL: "My picture in the track team reminds me of the Hoochy-Koochy."

MABEL DURNELL: "I like to see men who are wortny of being looked-up-to (Bradley)."

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MISS SABIN: "If I were to teach you next year I wouldn't care so much, but I probably won't teach you." (Why?)

MATTIE STAUB: "I looked up the meaning of the word in the dictionary, but it wasn't there."

MISS KOLB: "Yes, my eyes are large and I like to open them as widely as possibly and look at my scholars and scare them. I imagine they quake beneath my stare."

ROTHSCHILD: "An extremely large person who has of himself, an opinion that well matches his size."

MR. SCHULTZE: "The moon has a good pull with the earth."

SMALTZ, THAYER, UPMEYER and others in unison: "The rivers are not always high, but our trousers are."

A SCHOLAR (to Miss Sabin): "Say, Miss Sabin, that ring is a peach. Where did it come from?"

EVANS: "The Celts are found in England, Scotland, and Whales."

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LANE (to Walter Jones at five P. M.): "You eat so much that your brain can't work. You out to be kept on bread and water until you get this proposition."

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Gold Medal, Class A, State Association, 1898.

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SEASON 1899.

PERRY SHOBER (to McMillan): "Hades is where you go when you die."

ELLISON: "If you want me, wake me up."

GOSSIPER: "I hear that Alice Foster is to have a long dress soon. This is news, and we are sure it will be welcomed at Purdue."

DRAYER: "Bisect the vertex."

ELIZABETH EVANS: "The city having been killed, the inhabitants—."

ORR: "What the expenses of this society is?"

MISS KOLB: "English people have now the electrical (electoral) districts."

LILLIAN LAUFERTY (translating Greek): "They created a teacher."

The scholars say that if there was a lunch room in the High school with the service from Dallas Dreen's jewelry store they would not kick.

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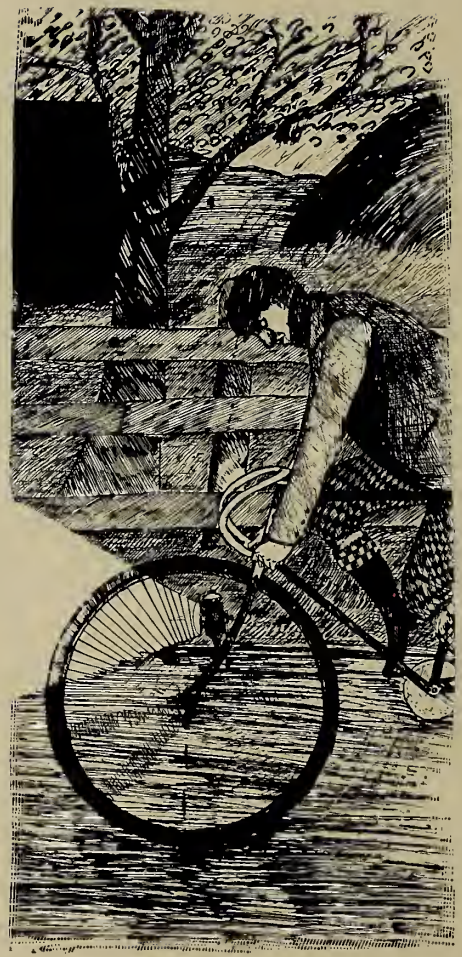


DEDICATION.

To CHESTER T. LANE.

TO HIM, WHO HAS TAUGHT US TO SEIZE UPON TRUTH WHERE'ER 'TIS FOUND, THESE PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

CORPS OF ILLUSTRATORS.

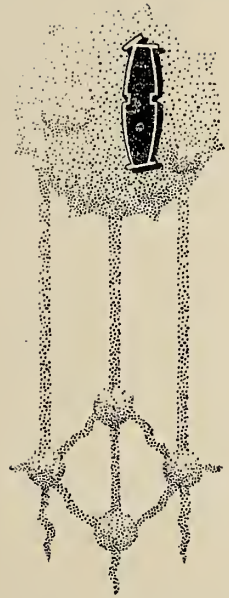
HORACE ZOLLARS,
FORMERLY '99,

WALTER GRIFFITHS '99,

PAUL HOPKINS '00,

BERTHA JACKSON '96.

PREFACE.



IN PRESENTING this book to the public the staff has no apologies to make about it. The book is what it is, and if you don't like it, bring it back to the business manager, and he will—let you carry it home again.

The staff of '99 does not say that this is the finest annual ever published by a Senior Class of the Fort Wayne High School; it leaves all praise to the public. Neither does it say that it is the crowning act to the career of the Class of '99.

The only thing the staff really cares to say here is that in the name of the Class of '99 it extends its heartiest thanks to the business men of the city for their financial aid; to Messrs. Horace Zollars, Walter Griffiths, Paul Hopkins, and Mrs. Plummer and Miss Bertha Jackson for their designs. With these few words the staff presents the Vedette of '99 to the public.

THE STAFF.

VEDETTE STAFF OF '99.

DOUGLASS BURNS DOUGLASS,
Editor-in Chief.

AGNES MURDOCK,
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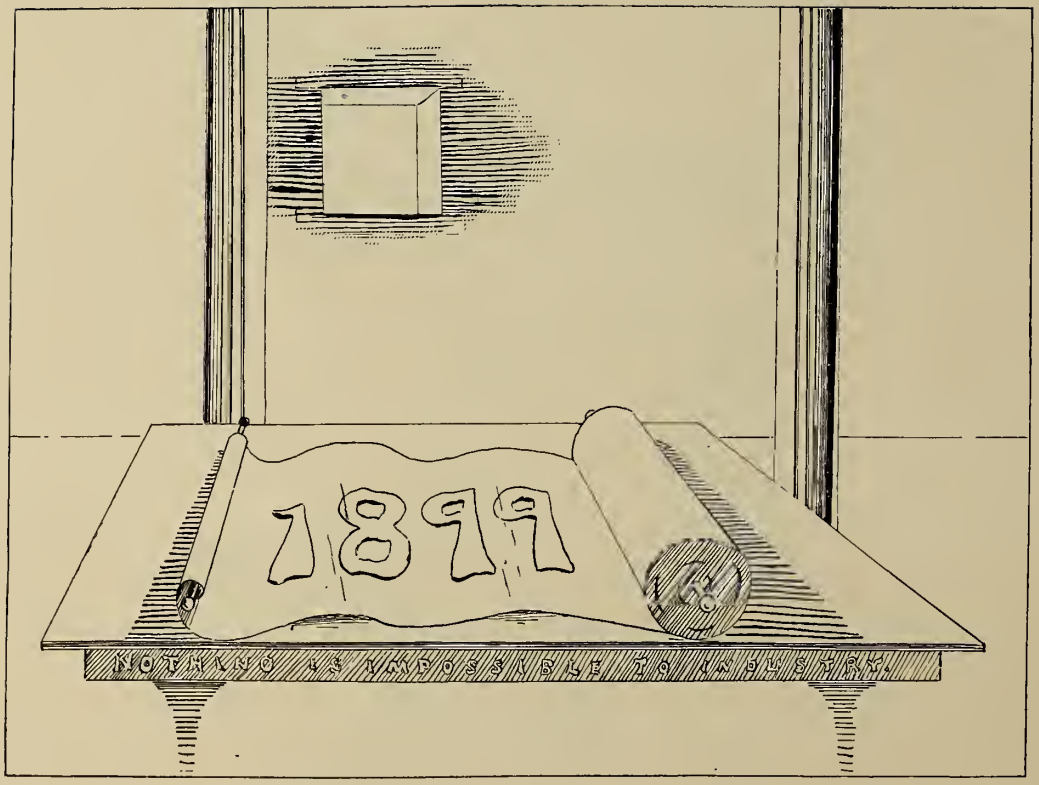
CLASS SONNET.

With starting tears we say good-bye,
  That word with deepest meaning fraught.
In a moments' space the years roll by,
  But for the Past we have only a thought.
For on the Future's brink we stand,
  And from our hearts we breathe a prayer,
"Oh, Lord of Hosts, stretch forth thy hand,
  And guard us with thy loving care."
Our Present is bright with hope and youth;
  With honor our Past shines pure and fair,
So forth we go in our armor of Truth,
  Asking our Maker's love and care.
And though we stumble, we shall not fall
For before us ever shines clear and bright
A vision of love surpassing all,
That gives us Hope and Faith and Might

Ft W H.S.
CLASSES
'99.


1899
NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE TO INDUSTRY

SENIORS.

MOTTO:--"NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE TO INDUSTRY."

CLASS FLOWER: Pansy. COLORS: Purple and Gold.

YELL:—Ki-yi, yip-ya
Whizzle, whazzle, whoo!
Ninety-nine, get in line!
Ya! Whoo!

OFFICERS.

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MARTHA JULIA SAUER, - - - - Historian.
EDWIN ORR, - - - - - Sergeant-at-Arms.

ROLL OF MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS

MARY ELIZABETH ANDERSON.
Debating Society '96-7, '97-8

BENJAMIN RECTOR BELL,
Delta Sigma Nu.
Sec'y '95-6, Class '98; Treas. '96-7, Class '98. A. A. A.

NINA VALLEY ASTRY,
Debating Society '96-7.

MABEL ALICE DURNELL,
Sigma Sigma, Debating Society '97-8.

DOUGLASS BURNS DOUGLASS,
Editor-in-Chief Vedette '99.
Chairman Constitutional Committees for Sophomore and Union Debating Societies.
Sergeant '96-7, Debating Society '96-7, '97-8, '98-9, Usher '98, A. A. A

WALTER GRIFFITHS,
E' Galantes, Capt. '98 Basket Ball Team.
Debating Society '97-8, Usher '97-8, A. A. A.

NINA ERNESTINE GRAHAM,

MARY ELINOR HAUCK,
Debating Scciety '97-8.

J. HILL JOHNSON,

Senior President '99, Business Manager Vedette '99.
Chairman Prize Committee Field Day '97, Executive Committee Field Day '98,
Constitutional Committee for A. A. A.,
Foot Ball Team '95-6, '96-7, '97-8, '98-9; Usher '98. A. A. A.

IDA SARAH KOONS,

LEORA MAY KANAGA,

N. S. S. Club, Ass't Editor Grinds Vedette '99,
Debating Society '96-7, '97-8; Vice-Pres't '98-9.

LILIAN ELIEL LAUFERTY,

Poet '96-7, '98-9, Editor Calender Vedette '99, Sigma Sigma, Junior Musical,
Queen of our Realm. Debating Society '96-7.

ANNA CHARLOTTE MATSCH,
Debating Society '96-7.

AGNES MURDOCK,
Ass't Editor Vedette '99, Historian '97-8,
Sigma Sigma, Debating Society '96-7, '97-8.

GLO DELIA MILLER,
Debating Society '97-8.

EDWIN ORR,
Editor Athletics Vedette '99. Vice-Pres't Debating Society '98,
Sec'y Debating Society '98-9, Debating Society '96-7, Mgr. Base Ball Team,
Usher '98, A. A. A.

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MARGARET LOUISE RASER,
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Vice-Pres't '97-8, Historian '98-9, Literary Editor Vedette '99,
Debating Society '97-98.

AUGUSTA FERN SEWALL,
Debating Society '96-7.

MARY EMMA STECKER,
Sigma Sigma, Debating Society '96-7, '97-8.

MAUD MAY SPONHAUER,

SIDNEY LEE SCHWARZ,
Vice-Pres't Debating Society '98-9, Debating Society '96-7, '97-8, '98-9,
Editor Grinds Vedette '99, Treas. '97-8, '98-9; Usher '98, A A. A.

CHARLES BERTRAND TAYLOR,

E' Galantes, Secretary '98 9, Assistant Business Manager Vedette, '99, Debating Society '96-7, 97-8, 98-9; Foot Ball Team '98-9; Usher '98, A. A. A.

BERTHA CHRISTINE WIEBKE,

Debating Society '96-7, '97-8.

MAY JULIA WARNER,

NANNIE ANN WILLIAMS,

Sigma Sigma.

'99 HISTORY.

THE MEMBERS of the Class of '99 are beginning to realtze, with a feeling of joy and sadness, that the time is rapidly approaching when their high school life will be at an end; the time when they shall no longer be under the guidance of their teachers; the time when the walls of the High School will no longer be a history of the great men and women of the Class of '99, except as far as they have influenced the succeeding classes. It is quite natural that we should at this time look back on the four years of our High School life.

In September of the year 1895, we entered the High School. We were humble enough to be satisfied with the old building, although our ability and good character were deserving of a new school. We spent our first year quietly and in earnest study, knowing that in any undertaking it is of the greatest importance to start out well. We very soon became attached to the Juniors, and, with the exception of a short time during the following year, remained so. On the other hand, we disliked the Sophomores very much, because they were so conceited and overbearing. There were, however, no serious troubles during the first year.

Having entered the second year, we soon showed what a brilliant class we were by effecting not only an ordinary class organization, but that of a debating society; and further, of being the first class of this school ever organized under a written constitution.

Our Sophomore history was more eventful than the history of any class of the High School before or after. Having made considerable progress in debating, the members of the society were anxious to try their skill at something else, that of being lawyers and other professional men needed at a trial. A charge of embezzlement was brought against Mr Johnson, and an evening was set for his trial. The proceedings of this trial were very interesting. On account of lack of evidence against him Mr. Johnson was acquitted. This same evening was the time for another memorable event, the Sophomore revolution of 1897. Mr. Douglass had gathered a large army of Freshmen and selected a few Sophomores as leaders. With this aid he attempted to establish his absolute rule over the class. But his followers met more than their equals in an army of Sophomores headed by Mr. Johnson. The latter succeeded in putting the enemies of the republic to to a disgraceful rout. Both of the events were entirely mock.

Although the '97s and '99s were always good friends, there was one quarrel between them. A few adventurous members of our class had climbed in through windows early one morning, and hung the beautiful purple and gold on the clock in the large assembly room. The Seniors were wild with jealousy when they saw our colors. They had to suppress their tempers till noon; then they managed to capture them, cut them into little pieces, and distributed these among the members of their class. The '99s waited till four o'clock, then they rushed on the insolent Seniors, and through their bravery won back our colors without paying a ransom.

But we were soon to be requitted for the insult our colors had suffered. The reputation of the class of '99, as regards athletics, has already spread far. During our second year, our class took part in the field day sports, and to the surprise and vexation of the other classes, Sam Gibson, a member of our class, won the first prize, the gold medal. It had previously been decided by the Athletic Association, that the class which should win the first prize should have the privilege and honor to exhibit their colors in the large assembly room. Accordingly, one morning a large flag of purple and gold with "'99" embroidered on it was seen hanging in the room. The Seniors and Juniors looked on it with much envy, but what could they do? They had solemnly pledged themselves to let our colors unmolested. And who should think that a class of our High School would break a promise? But the '98s could not resist the temptation; they were base enough to steal our colors. Our class has, in spite of its efforts, never been able to recover these colors; but is certainly more to the discredit of the '98s than the loss of our colors was to us.

At the beginning of our Junior year the debating Society was reorganized, and the debates continued with the same good results as the preceding year. One of the questions that came off for debate was whether the Curfew law would be beneficial to Fort Wayne or not. The vote of both the judges and the members of the society was in favor of the ordinance. According to the decision of the class, a petition to enforce the ordinance in this city was sent to the city council. No doubt, the fact that the Curfew law is now in force is due largely to this petition.

The Seniors and Sophomores saw what a fine thing our debating society was, and would liked to have organized one, too. They were afraid, however, to undertake the organization of such a society all alone, and therefere begged the Juniors to admit members of their class into the society. This lead to the formation of the Union Debating Society, which, although it was a source of pleasure to the members, did not remain in existence longer than the end of the year.

During our Junior year we were again successful on field day; Jim Wilson won for us the gold medal. What a sore disappointment this must have been for the Seniors! They had probably hoped to gain a little honor by ending their wholly uneventful career at High School with some accomplishment on field day. But this could not be; for it would not have been in accordance with the saying, "all is well that ends well."

During the Christmas vacation our class again showed its originality and enterprising spirit by giving a concert. The event, like all our undertakings, reflected great honor on the class; it was a success, both as far as the program was concerned, and also financially.

To the commencement night we looked forward very anxiously; for we too were to commit a "commencement crime." What we did that evening again showed the originality and also the artistic taste of the class of '99. The particulars of this crime are described elsewhere in this book, and need not be given here.

During our Senior year no events of any consequence have occurred. All the members have tried hard to make the last year especially creditable, not only by getting their lessons well, but also by good behavior. It is certainly striking that no front seats have been assigned to any seniors this year. In one other particular our class has distinguished itself from all preceding classes, namely, by presenting our principal with our class pin.

The history of our four years at High School has been very eventful. It is to be hoped that, when in a short time we leave school, our history will not be ended. It is true, we will no longer have a class history. But judging from the the character, ability and school work of our class, the future has much in store for us, and many great men and great women will look back with pride to the time when they wore the purple and gold of '99.

HISTORIAN.

1900

JUNIORS.

MOTTO:--"POSSEMUS QUIA POSSE VIDEMUS."

CLASS FLOVER: Jacqueminot Rose. COLORS: Olive and Green.

YELL:--Bing-a-whacka,
Ching-a-whacka,
Wah-who-wah,
1900,
Rah-rah-rah!

OFFICERS:

MURRAY DALMAN, President.

MARY STOCKBRIDGE, - - - - Vice-President.
WALTER BARRET, - - - - - - Secretary.
HARRY CLARK, - - - - - - - Treasurer.
NELLIE VAN VOLKENBURGH, - - - Poet.
EDITH ZOOK, - - - - - - - - Historian.
CHARLES THAYER, - - - - - - Prophet.

'00 HISTORY.

WHEN school opened in the fall of 1896, one of the largest Freshmen classes that has ever entered the halls of the Fort Wayne High School began its high school career. The class, however, was worthy of attention not only on account of its numbers, but also, on account of the large amount of genius and ability that was mixed with the usual Freshman mischief. The class was by no means a "goody-goody" class (in the estimation of some of the teachers it was a even very bad class), but, although it furnished its full share of bench decoration and often called down the reproaches of the teachers during the year, it finished the Freshman course with unusual creditable reports.

All the usual pranks were played, and when these were exhausted, the fertile minds of the Freshmen soon suggested others. A while before the Christmas holidays, the pupils had been working hard and needed a holiday. The powers that be, however, offered no relief and something had to be done. Then it was that the gas, in league with the weather, offered a fine opportunity which the "Freshies" were not slow to seize. By putting snow on the thermometer and slyly opening the windows, the temperature was soon so low that the teachers dismissed their classes. As the weather continued very cold, school did not convene for three days.

During the year, Miss Park, a popular and beloved teacher, resigned her duties because of ill health, caused as some say by the great effort it required to keep pace with her precocious pupils.

When one year of High School life had passed, and the class of 1900 was ready to enter upon its second year, the members began to think of putting away childish things and assuming the dignity that is becoming to Sophomores. Consequently the second year was very quiet. Early in the year a class organization was completed. The beautiful shades of olive and crimson were chosen as class colors. For several weeks every Sophomore was decorated with olive and crimson streamers. Although this fever wore off in the course of time, the glorious colors still remain an emblem of the greatness and glory of the class. Later in the year, it was decided to organize a literary society for the purpose of studying the lives and works of famous authors. It was in the meetings of this society that the talents of the pupils had an opportunity to display themselves. Many brilliant and interesting papers were read before the society and it was unanimously declared to have been a great benefit.

At the end of the year the class determined to follow the time honored custom of holding a class picnic. It was a success in every detail and those who attended will often look back with pleasure to their Sophomore picnic.

The classes entered upon its Junior year with a great show of enthusiasm, but with secret fear and trembling. As the year progressed, however, this feeling wore away, for the Juniors soon found that nothing could withstand their vigorous attacks very long. The deepest problems became simple and the hardest translations easy under the steady determination and application that has always been a characteristic of the class. A glorious future lies open to the members of the class and every indication points to a brilliant ending that must follow such a good beginning.

00' CLASS POEM.

There once lived a man with a head
Who said:
"Out of nothing ('00), nothing comes."
This *may* be true,
But believe he'll rue
The day he said it.
For we will prove
Without line or groove—
That out of nothing ('00), something came,
Something, full of wit and learning,
Longing, yearning.
To go out the world to conquer.
Full of beauty, grace and strength;
Willing to go any length
To make good the above assertion.
They were boys and girls
All smiles and curls,
And all the graces to such pertaining.
Scholars of the High School,
Who with book and rule,
Had measured the universe.
They were soon to graduate;
Lay down the book and slate,
And had gotten themselves up accordingly,
And to prove to the man with a head,
Who had been led
To make the remark above quoted.
Prove it by words and deeds;
Prove it by treading the path that led
To fame and glory.
Prove it by precept and example;
Prove it by proofs so ample
That the man with a head,
Who was led
To say what he said,
Would wish himself dead—
Or almost.
For from pillar to post,
Will this learned host,
Drive him and his nothing ('00) comes.
Who, are they, this class,
Every lad, every lass,
Who shall show him he'd blundered?
Why, *of course*, the class of 1900.—POET.

1901

SOPHOMORES.

MOTTO:--"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

CLASS FLOWER: Lily of the Valley. COLORS: Scarlet and Blue.

YELL:—Naught-one, Naught-one!
We're the class of naught-one!
Naught-one, Naught-one!
We're the class of naught-one!

OFFICERS.

GUY SMITH, President.

LURA FEE, - - - - - - - Vice-President.
HERMAN BRIDENSTEIN - - - - Secretary.
HAZEL PIERCE, - - - - - - - Treasurer.
ADA BURDETTE, - - - - - - - Historian.

'01 HISTORY.

THE DAY on which the Class of 1901 entered the Fort Wayne High School was one of rejoicing for all. The staff of teachers recognized in our intelligent faces that look of great knowledge which only a few people possess. Our first year proved that the teachers were not mistaken. Our daily recitations were perfect and our examination papers will be held forever as models of excellency. Our superiority over those who came before us, was shown by the fact that we were the first Freshmen to organize our class. We had several important meetings for the purpose of electing officers, choosing colors and a motto. The motto we chose, "Veni! Vidi! Vici!" is famous and our class colors, red and blue, are to our eyes, at least, beautiful.

We began our second year with a decrease in number, but an increase in knowledge. We held class meetings and elected new officers. The teachers have predicted great fame for the class of '01 and we are waiting patiently for the time when we may startle the world with our genius.

HISTORIAN.

1825037

A LITTLE RHYME FOR "NOUGHTY ONE."

This is a rhyme for the "Nursery Class,"
But "Old Mother Goose" says,—alack and alas!
That to them she has really nothing to say,
But to bid them recall—"Was Rome built in a day?"
And to tell them "Keep hoping—there may come a time
When you will be told of in story and rhyme."
Then we sought the "Old woman who lived in a shoe,"
For we thought that she'd tell us the best thing to do.
"Oh, dear me!" she cried, "I have woes of my own,
I can give no advice—so just leave me alone."
"Jack" said that perchance if the "Beanstalk" they'd climb,
They would find something there, but of course 'twould take time.
And the "Jolly King Cole" could give no advice,
Nor could "Puss in Boots," nor the "Three Blind Mice."
And the gay "little dog" merely kept on laughing,
And the "dish" and "spoon" bid us stop our chaffing;
So we can't find a way of helping this class,
And we fear it is helpless. Alack and alas!"

1902

FRESHMEN.

MOTTO.--"CARPE DIEM."

CLASS FLOWER: White Rose.

COLORS: Gold and Blue.

YELL:—Rah, Rah, Gold,
Rah, Rah, Blue,
Fort Wayne High School,
1902!

OFFICERS.

CHARLIE FOOTE, President.

PAGE YARNELLE, - - - - - Vice-President.

ELIZABETH EVANS, - - Secretary and Treasurer.

ALICE FOSTER, - - - - - - - - - Poetess.

GEORGE THORWARD, - - - - - - Historian.

'02 HISTORY.

IN THE FALL of '98 a class of about one hundred and five students entered the High School. At the first class meeting, which was held the 28th day of September, officers were elected, and the class took for their motto: "Seize the present opportunity," and decided that gold and blue were to be the class colors, and the class flower was to be the White Rose.

On the night of January the 13th, 1899, two patriotic Freshmen climbed up a telegraph pole, which is back of the High School building. They then crossed the roof and raised our colors on the flag staff, the like of which never happened before. The members of the class of 1902 are more than proud of the two members, who got ahead of those witty Sophomores and raised our flag on the flag staff.

As some of the officers of the '02s were '01½s, it was decided in the meeting, which was held February 6th, 1899, to elect a new set of officers and that the class meetings were to be held the first Wednesday of each month.

Historian.

POEM OF '02.

If you'll give me your attention
I'll sing a song to you
Of the famous Fort Wayne High School,
And its class of Nineteen-two.

Perhaps you'll not believe me,
But what I say is true,
There ne'er has been one like it,
The class of Nineteen-two.

Our teachers, they will tell you
That of classes there are few,
Whose virtues are so many
As the class of Nineteen-two.

They say the other classes
Make them feel cross and blue;
But that they find a pleasure
In teaching Nineteen-two.

Ninety-nine will bear inspection,
And Noughty-Nought will do,
But the Sophomores are not in it
With the class of Nineteen-two.

It's handsome, and it's smart,
And it's gritty through and through.
There are no flies upon it,
The class of Nineteen-two.

This may sound a little freshy,
But how else can I do,
Since I am a little Freshie
From the class of Nineteen-two.

POET.

MAY, 1898.

I.

The blare of bands in the city streets;
The rattle of arms; the tramp of feet;
Clear bugle notes; the war-drums beat;
And the Boys are off for the Army!

II.

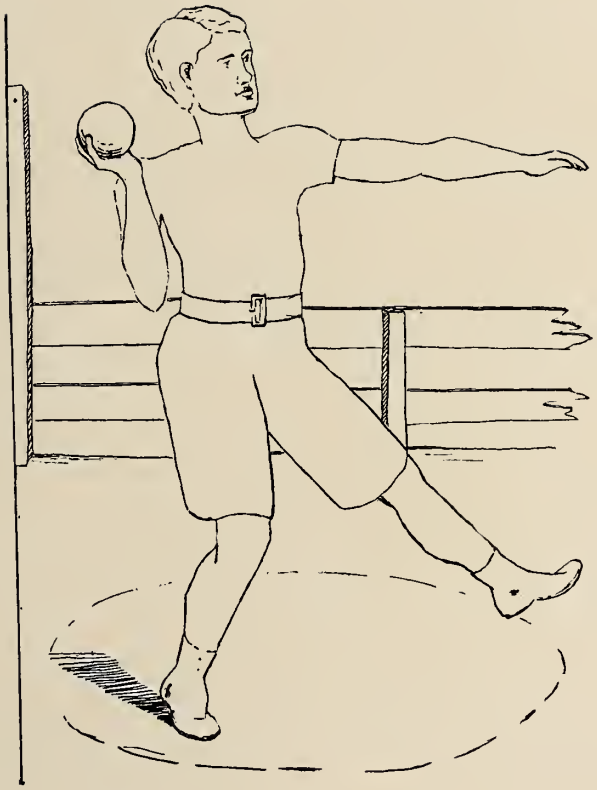
Dark waves of blue with sparkling crests;
Of bayonets forged for Spanish breasts;
Dull lines of grey, with rifles black;
And the Boys are off for the Army!

III.

Dull lines of gray; dark waves of blue;
But both are under the flag so true,
To freedom and right 'gainst tyrants might.
And the Boys are off for the Army!

IV.

A mingled throng of grey and blue,
Gazing up with the reverence due
The starry flag with its crimson folds.
And the Boys are in the Army!



PROGRAMME.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEET

OF THE

FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL.

A. A. A.

2:00 P. M. **DRIVING PARK.**

.....

JUDGES.

WALLACE.

SCHULTZE. LUMBARD. MILLER. BLACK.

TIMERS.

GOFF.

STARTER.

PROF. LOVELESS.

ANNOUNCER AND CLERK.

BRADLEY.

HANDICAPPER

PELTIER.

Athletics in the High School.

AMONG the many organizations in the Fort Wayne High School is the Amateur Athletic Association. This organization is very dear to the heart of the average High School boy, for he knows that under its control foot-ball, base-ball, and last but not least, the Annual Field Day have become as important as they are in the school. Base-ball, foot.ball and Field Day are the most important subjects in the list of Athletics in the High School.

Base-ball does not receive as much attention as foot-ball. There are generally class "nines," and a school "nine" formed each year. It is to be regretted that the National game is not made of greater importance than it now is in the school. It furnishes nearly as much, if not entirely as much, pleasure as does foot-ball, and besides it does not expose the players to the risk of broken bones, sprains, cuts and the other accidents that follow in the wake of the foot-ball game.

There is no doubt as to what game the High School boy likes best. Wake a true devotee of Athletics up in the middle of the night, and ask him what is the "only" game in the world, and he'll say "foot-ball" without stopping to rub his eyes. The Fort Wayne High School has been represented on the gridiron by some very good teams. The best team that the school ever had was that of '95. The teams of '96 and '97 were nothing out of the ordinary, but the year '98 saw one of the best teams that the school ever had. This team could and would work, and the only bar to its complete success was the fact that it tried to beat teams far above its class. However, they made a better showing against the Culver team than did the team of Wabash College. The High School should have a first-class A1 foot-ball team. There are enough boys of the right sort in the school to form such a team, and all that is needed is a little "git-up and git" in order to have as fine a team as a High School can expect.

Field Day is probably the most important day in the whole year to most of the students who have an "Athletic streak" in their nature. The first Field Day was celebrated in 1894. It was a great success as have been all those following it. The records made on Field Day are very good, and the gate receipts are O. K. The school holds the State High School Championship for the hammer throw and quarter mile walk. The running records are also worthy of notice.

The next Field Day will be held in the latter part of May or in the first part of June at the Driving Park. It is hoped that the friends of the school will turn out and make this coming Field Day a greater success than any of its predecessors.

Records of Fort Wayne High School A. A. A.

	TIME.	YEAR.	NAME.	CLASS.
50 yard dash	5½ sec.	'97	Willson	'99
100 " "	10½ "	'97	Willson	'99
220 " "	24⅗ "	'96	Stonecifer	'96
440 " "	56 "	'97	Schultz	'99
½ mile run	2 min. 34 "	'95	D. McDonald	'96
1 " "	5 " 35 "	'95	D. McDonald	'96
¼ " walk	1 " 43¾ "	'97	Crim	'97
Potato race	1 " 15 "	'95	Bursley	'95
Obstacle race	25 "	'95	Bursley	'95
1 mile bicycle race	2 min. 45 "	'95	Hayden	'96
2 " " "	7 " 28 "	'97	Dawson	'00
3-legged race, 100 yds.	14 "	'97	Huston & Miller	'00
½ mile relay race	1 " 26 "	'97	Team of	'99

DISTANCE.

Running Hop, Step and Jump,	38 ft., 1 in	'98	Willson '99
Running High Jump, -	4 ft., 10½ in	'96	Keil '99
Standing Hop, Step and Jump,	27 ft., 2½ in	'96	Willson '99
Running Broad Jump, -	18 ft	'95	Orff '97
Standing Broad Jump, -	8 ft., 10 in	'95	F. Davis '95
Hammer Throw, - -	95 ft., 8 in	'95	Jno. Bass '99
Shot Put, - - - -	39 ft., 6 in	'95	Jno. Bass '99
Base Ball Throw, - -	306 ft., 6 in	'95	Orff '97
Foot Ball Throw, - -	105 ft , 9 in	'95	D. McDonald '96

EVENTS '98.

FIFTY-YARD DASH.

Willson, 1st.	Kell, 2nd.	Cooke, 3rd.
	Time, 5 3-5 sec.	

220 YARD DASH.

Willson.	Koch.	O'Brien.
	25 seconds.	

HIGH JUMP.

Keel.	Porter.	W. Johnson.
	4 ft., 8 in.	

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Willson.	Keel.	Kell.
	15 ft., 7½ in.	

HUNDRED YARD DASH.

Willson.	Koch.	Obrien.
	10 4-5 sec.	

ONE-HALF MILE RUN.

Willson.	Koch.	O'Brien.
	2 min., 52 sec.	

SHOT.

Schultze.	J. Johnson.	Summers.
	37.6 ft.	

STANDING HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

Willson.	Keel.	Kell.
	25 ft., 5½ in.	

EVENTS '98—Continued.

RELAY RACE.

(Not Run.)

TWO MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP.

Hughes.	Dawson.	Newton.
	5 min., 20 sec.	

THROWING BASE BALL.

Koch.	Schultze.	Jacobs.
	299.25 feet.	

440 YARD RUN.

Will Johnson.	O'Brien.	Willson.
	1 min., 36 sec.	

ONE MILE BICYCLE.

Hughes.	Thayer.	Kell.
	3 min., 55 sec.	

ONE MILE RUN.

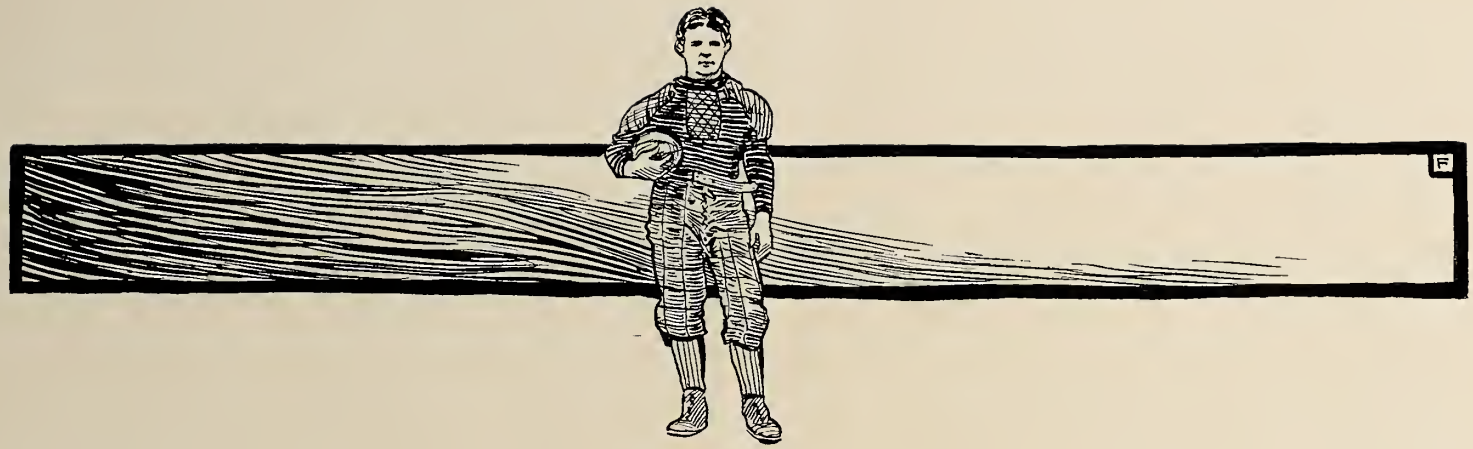
Koch.		O'Brien.
	6 minutes.	

HAMMER.

Schultz.		Johnson.
	75 feet.	

RUNNING HOP, STEP AND JUMP.

Willson.		Keel.
	36.7 ft.	



Foot Ball Team '98.

Manager, - - - CHESTER A. KEEL, '00.
Captain, - - - GEO. DRAYER, '99.

PLAYERS.	CLASS.
C. Thayer, Center	'00
D. Jones, Quarter Back	'00
J. Johnson, Left Guard	'99
B. Taylor, Right End	'99
A. Schultze, Right Tackle	'02
C. Pierce, Right Guard	'01

PLAYERS.	CLASS.
W. Hamilton, Left End	'01
P. Hopkins, Left Tackle	'01
K. Evans, Right Half Back	'01
J. Willson, Left Half Back	'99
T. Davis, Left Half Back	P. G.
Geo. Drayer, Full Back	'99

SUBSTITUTES.

PLAYERS.	CLASS.
B. Long	'01
F. O'Brien	'02
R. Barrows	'01

High School Foot Ball.

FOR several years foot ball has held a prominent place in High School Athletics. It was in 1891 that foot ball first received any special attention in the High School of this city. In that year our foot ball career began with the organizing of a team with John Crowe as coach and Charles A. Schmitz as captain. If the writer's memory is correct the practice grounds were at the foot of west Berry Street. Here the team of '91 rolled in mud and dirt as enthusiastically as do the teams on the "Flats" to-day. No games of importance were played that year.

In 1892 this team was reorganized with Bob Orff as captain. Several games were played with the Concordia team. Of these games the Concordia 'leven won a majority.

The following year, 1893, saw Clifford Wallace captain of the High School team. Only one game was played and our team won that. The game came off at Kendallville and the score was eighteen to nothing.

With Alfred Cressler as manager and Fred Shoaff, later, Donald McDonald as captain, our team in '94 gained two important victories over Kendallville. One game was played here and the other at Kendallville.

Our team of '95 was by far the strongest team we have ever had. This team played five games. In the first game the High School team defeated the Keystones. In the second game Decatur's proud team was defeated by the score of 18-0. The next game was with Huntington, and in this game our boys gave Huntington a victory; the score being 18-14. The fourth game at Kendallville was a tie, 6-6. Though they played in seven inches of snow, neither side could snow the other under. In the fifth and last game the Kendallville boys came here, and both teams covered themselves with glory—and Lakeside mud. Each team came within a yard of scoring, but was thrown back each time. This game was by far the finest exhibition of foot ball seen in Fort Wayne.

In 1896 Lee Hartman was manager of the High School team, and Herbert Lang was captain. Only one game was played and in this our boys regained the laurels that Huntington had taken from them in '95. It was a good fight and when it was all over the score was 6-4 in Fort Wayne's favor.

In 1897 the team came out with Ralph Yarnelle as manager and Norrman Olds as captain. This team defeated the "City Juniors" several times. The less said about the one game with Culver the better. Suffice it to say that they were almost killed in that game. It was here that Driesback, valise in one hand and foot ball suit in the other ran three and a half miles down the railroad track to catch the home coming train.

In the year of our Lord, 1898, A. C. Keel II was made manager and Georger Drayer captain of the school team. The first game was played here against the Hartford City team. That team had heavier men and a longer period of practice behind them than did our team. The small crowd of spectators gave them little or no encouragement. Hartford won by a score of 11-5. The work of our boys was good, but they lacked training. The one marked event in the game was the run and touchdown by Willson.

The team then went to Culver and played against that well trained 'leven. It was an outing for Fort Wayne, and-well-it was a practice game for Culver. The boys don't say much about that game and so I won't; but this much leaked out, "Culver won, 35-0." Decatur was next played and in this game our boys won, 12-0.

The last game was played on Thanksgiving day, at Hartford City. Our boys were defeated through lack of training for defensive work. When Hartford got the ball, they did not lose it but twice, and then when our team got the ball it was so weak from incessant hammering that it could make but one touchdown. Hartford had the advantage in weight and training, her end runs being very effective. Fort Wayne did not give up until time was called with the score 25-6.

All our team needed was more training and encouragement—especially encouragement. They worked and trained with fate, in the shape of the school and city against them. Give them your hearty support in every way and they will play better foot ball and uphold the name of the school.

BASE BALL.

Manager, - - - EDWIN H. ORR, '99.

Captain, - - - PAUL HOPKINS, '00.

PITCHERS.

	CLASS.
Arthur Schultz	'02
Paul Hopkins	'01
Fred. Burger	'02

1ST BASE.

Fred. Huston	'00

2ND BASE.

A. C. Keel	'00

3RD BASE.

Kimsey Evans	'01

CATCHERS.

Baron Long	'01
Andrew Ellison	'01

SHORT STOP.

Perry Shober	'01

LEFT FIELD.

Edwin Orr	'99

CENTER FIELD.

Frank O'Brien	'02
Howard Pierce	'02

RIGHT FIELD.

Oscar Pressler	'01

ORGANIZATIONS.

ΔΣΝ

Delta Sigma Nu.

FLOWER:—Meteor Carnation.

COLORS:—Olive, Green and White.

CHAPTERS.

ALPHA—ANN ARBOR HIGH SCHOOL,—ANN ARBOR, MICH.
Founded, 1891.

ALPHA OF INDIANA—FORT WAYNE HIGH SCHOOL,—FORT WAYNE, IND.
Organized, 1895.

ALPHA OF WISCONSIN—ST. JOHNS HIGH SCHOOL,—ST. JOHNS, WIS.
Organized, 1897.

Yell:—Ring! Chang! Bang!
Rip! Rah! Ru!
Fort Wayne High School,
Delta Sigma Nu!

Delta Sigma Nu.

ALPHA OF INDIANA.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

Alfred Murray Cressler, '95
John Jacob Stahl, '95
Fred Morrison Gregg, '97
Frederick Barnett Shoaff, '95
Guy Reed Bell, '97
George Halliway Cressler, '96
Ronald Rondolph Purman, '97
James Montgomery Hamilton, '95
Joseph Aldrich Bursley, '95
Donald McDonald, '95
Ralph Emerson Chapin, '95
Frank Edwin Davis, '95

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Hugh Glenn Keegan.
Harvey Edsall Crane.
Lee James Ninde.
Edward Tobias Reitze.

ALUMNI MEMBERS, '95.

Frank Edwin Davis.
Ralph Emerson Chapin.
Joseph Aldrich Bursley.
John Jacob Stahl.
Alfred Murray Cressler.
Frederick Barnett Shoaff.
James Montgomery Hamilton.

ALUMNI MEMBERS, '96.

George Halliway Cressler.
Donald McDonald.

ALUMNI MEMBERS, '97.

Frederick Morrison Gregg.
Ronald Rondolph Purman.
Charles Douglas Barrett.
Guy Reed Bell.
George Perry McDonald.
Hugh Worthington Croxton.
Walter Henshaw Crim.

ALUMNI MEMBERS, '98.

Asahel Jay Reed.
Philip Everette Bursley.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Benjamin Rector Bell, '99
Raymond Handron Barrows, '01
Charles Starr Brackenridge, '00
Walter Hamilton, '01
Walter Barret, '00.
David Jones, '00
Paul Hopkins, '00

Debating Society.

OFFICERS.

PROF. A. E. SCHULTZE ..... President.
SIDNEY SWARTZ, '99 ..... Vice-President.
EDWIN ORR, '99 ..... Secretary.
CHARLES THAYER, '00 ..... Treasurer.
PAUL HOPKINS, '00 ..... Sergeant-at-Arms.

For some time after school began this year, the boys had been talking of forming a boys debating club. At last on October the first, a meeting was called. After much discussion, Prof. Schultze was elected to the presidency. Other officers were elected and a constitutional committee appointed. Since then there have been many meetings. The debates have been interesting and instructive. At one of the meetings a mock trial was held. At others, different city gentlemen have talked to us on different subjects. It is to be hoped that the society will be reorganized next year.

Paul Hoffman

Junior Musical.

MOTTO: "Progress is made by work alone, not by talking."—*Mendelssohn.*

COLORS:—Wine Color and Cream. FLOWER:—Carnation.

Officers.

NELLIE LAWSON ..... President.

FLORENCE SULLIVAN ..... Secretary.

ETHELWYN TAYLOR, ETHEL SAYLOR ..... Programme Committee.

Members.

Lotta Geismar.
Le Ora Kanaga.
Lillian Lauferty.
Alma Paul.
Clara Poole.
Ethel Saylor.
Florence Sullivan.
Nellie Lawson.
Ethelwyn Taylor.

Music.

"And music, too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream."

—*Moore.*

The Sigma Sigma.

MISS HELEN DRYER, Teacher of Greek, PRESIDENT.

MEMBERS.

NANNIE WILLIAMS.	AGNES MURDOCK.	MAY STECKER.
MABEL A. DURNELL.	LILIAN LAUFERTY.	ETHELWYN TAYLOR.

The Sigma Sigma.

The Editor was desperate. "Now pray what can we do?"
He said unto the 'Editress,' "When clubs they are so few?"
And first she frowned, and then she smiled, "Now don't begin to worry,
We'll organize a club or two in the biggest kind of hurry."

And that is how the Sigma Sig. came to exist at all.
We had to save the great "Vedette" from an editorial squall;
We haven't any "motto," a "purpose" we can not claim,
A "Constitution and By-Laws" we didn't have time to frame.

A club with lofty purposes, ours does not claim to be,
And yet some day it may become a great "Sorority."
And if we grow a trifle proud when attention we are winning,
Just smile a reminiscent smile, and speak of our humble beginning.

—L. E. L.

G. E. M. Pedro Club.

Members.

Elsie Jackson. Nellie Lawson.
Marie McLain. Alma Paul.
Myrtle Long. Lillian Lauferty.

Although this club has been organized but a few weeks, it is already a brilliant G. E. M. in the list of High School Clubs. Its radiancy glistens in the eyes and gleams on the tongues of all the particles which compose it. May the Gods never permit such a notice as this:

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN!

A G. E. M!

Can be recognized by the various kinds of sparkle, known as the "Lauferty brilliancy," "Jackson lustre," "Lawson and Paul gleam," and the "Long and McLain rays.

BROWN-EYED SUSANS, L. Q. O. H.

Colors:—Lavender and Pink.

Members.

Addie Deither. Jessie Reitze.
Esther McDonald. Della Russelle.
Lura Fee. Edith Philley.

J. R. A.

MOTTO: Laugh and Learn. COLORS: Red, White and Blue.

OFFICERS.

LE ORA KANAGA, High Muck-a-Muck.

LILLIAN LAUFERTY, - - - Right Hand Bower. NANNIE WILLIAMS, - - - Chief Prompter.

MEMBERS.

LE ORA KANAGA. MABEL DURNELL. MAY STECHER. LILIAN ORTMAN.

BLANCHE TINKHAM. NANNIE WILLIAMS. LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

No one can help admiring the principles and work of this organization. Eager to live up to its motto, the meetings of the club have been highly entertaining and instructive. How could they be otherwise with such a motto to guide and support them.

K. and L. of M.

MOTTO:--"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL BOY."--Old Adage.

FLOWERS: Who Knows. COLORS: To Match the Flower.

MEMBERS.

ETHELWYN TAYLOR. AGNES MURDOCK. LOUISE RASER. LILIAN ORTMAN.

D. BURNS DOUGLASS. EMIL KETTLER. SIDNEY SWARTZ. JAMES WILLSON.

The Six G's Cooking Club.

FLOWER:—Pink Carnation. COLORS:—Pink and Green.

MEMBERS.

Almana Beebe. Verra Graffe.
Anna Biddle. Anna Newton.
Ella McCollough. Clara O'Rouke.

N. S. S. Cooking Club.

COLORS:—Scarlet and Silver.

MEMBERS.

Lotta Geismar. Grace Benoy.
Le Ora Kanaga. Clara Poole.
Mae Shepard. Clara Shepard.

Queens of Our Realm I. C. T. Cooking Club.

COLORS:—Emerald Green and White.

MEMBERS.

Carrie Glenn. Myrtle Long.
Elsie Jackson. Marie McLain.
Lillian Lauferty. Alma Paul.
Nellie Lawson.

Club Life in our High School.

CLUBS, as a general thing, are organized and conducted for the moral, social and intellectual development of their members. Clubs are schools, so to speak, for the training of the mind to quick thinking and for preparation on whatever subject that is brought before them for consideration.

Following in the footsteps of our elders, we, the students of the High School, for a number of years have formed organizations composed of those who desired to be identified with that modern factor of progress—club life. The cry of organize and systematize has penetrated the four walls of our High School, and we can not but heed the inspiring cry.

We realize that our teachers are using every method and endeavor to bring out our thinking and reasoning power in our studies; and to aid their endeavors and at the same time have pleasant times ourselves, we have formed clubs with various objects in view. In spite of our want of experience we feel that we have derived great benefit from the clubs. The old saying, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" may be well exemplified on the mental plane by having our minds well occupied with high thoughts which are brought out by the discussion of books, poetry, questions of the day and events of historic interest, so that there is no room for idle words or empty pleasures.

So we have our Debating Society, where we accustom ourselves to parliamentary law and usages and in alertness and quickness of thought. Our literary clubs make us more familiar with the thoughts of great souls, who make the world the better for having lived in it and for having given to it the product of their minds.

In our Musical Society we know that we are made the better by the harmonies that greet us in interpretation of some great and beautiful composition. Music is said to be "the most spiritual, the most impressive, the most universal of all arts," and 'though all the members of the Junior Musical are but beginners it may be that some who have had their beginning right here, will reach the highest round of fame in that "divine art."

There are other clubs in our midst, that have for their object the practical one for cooking. No doubt, they agree with Oliver Meredith, in that "we may live without poetry, music and art * * * * * * * * but civilized man can not live without cooks.

To those of mature years companionship means much. To the young it is everything that brings joy and happiness, and there are only a few who do not look forward to seasons of sociability when congenial souls are united in "just having a good time."

An evening spent occasionally spent in merriment has been the good fortune of some of the members of our school; and all are the better and the ties that bind our school friendship are strengthened by the social side of our school life.

In all these club centers, if harmony and unity be the basis and if good feeling and fellowship be the motives, the class of '99, and those who come after us will go forth well equipped for the larger life into which we step when the doors of our dear old High School will be closed to us—as students—forever.

Home is a borrowed hat.
An enthusiastic fisherman does not mind 90° in the shade
TRAIN LEAVES AT 10.52
SCENE AT 10.53

you, I, and the moon.

at noon the Heavens rejoice

a small piece of real estate given to the each bather

SYLVIA'S WHIMS.

Sylvia follows the latest fads,
And Sylvia's followed by all the lads,
And as I would keep in the foremost place,
I have to trot at a pretty pace.

Ah Sylvia's charming, and Sylvia's fair,
And 'though she has such a daity air
She knows how to golf, and row, and wheel
With all of a sportsman's earnest zeal.

So 'though I'm fonder by far of books,
Of grassy dells, and shady nooks,
I golf with her 'neath the broiling sun,
And call it the jolliest kind of fun.

And I wheel with her over vale and hill,
When I long to lie by some sparkling rill,
And tell her in the sweet old way
That I hope I may call her mine some day.

But for romance naught does Sylvia care,
But calls it "stuff" with a witching air.
Yet somehow, when in our rocking boat
As over the waves we drift and float.

I say some things that I'm sore afraid
Will anger this whimsical laughing maid,
But the water casts a spell over her,
And so she listens, and makes no demur.

But I can't make that artful maiden say
That she *will* be mine some happy day,
And so I golf, and I wheel, and I row,
And I *hope*, for Sylvia's never said "*No.*"

Translation as an Element in the Solution of the English Problem.

By C. T. LANE.

Condensed from a paper read before the Classical Section of the State Teachers' Association, of Indianapolis, in December 1898.

FOR something like a decade the "English Question" has loomed large and lowering on the educational horizon. The thunder and lightning of criticism have detonated and flamed about us, while perplexed and affrighted schoolmasters have exhibited manifest symptoms of confusion and alarm, if not of utter demoralization. The memory and the experience of many of us reach back to more peaceful times; to those serene days when there was no "English Question" nor any other pedagogical problem of like ominous aspect and disturbing import.

No longer ago than the year of our Lord 1874 the happy youth that went up to Harvard College to seek admission there was confronted with no sort of test primarily designed to determine his qualifications in English. What was true at Harvard was practically true everywhere else. When the writer matriculated at the University of Michigan in 1870, candidates for admission were not required to put pen to paper. The swift and merciful eraser promptly obliterated whatever evidences of illiteracy, fac-similes of their performances in mathematical exercises and translations into a foreign tongue might have revealed. Naught knew they of dangling participles, of split infinitives, of the dangers that lurk in ambiguous pronouns, in misplaced phrases, and of the genealogical revelations in their misuses of "shall" and "will."

Though they may have been grammatically and rhetorically naked, their unschooled ignorance wrapped them in a mantle of innocence. No telltale suffusion of the cheeks betrayed their consciousness of shame. They had not eaten of the tree of knowledge nor did they slink away abashed when the great lords of learning strode into their garden.

But in the fatal hour the tempter came. "Ye have been kept," he whispered, "from good and evil English lest peradventure ye write like Matthew Arnold and speak like Burke and Webster, and become as one of these." The forbidden fruit was tasted and forthwith our ingenuous youth, and their perhaps no less ingenuous instructors, became aware of their linguistic nakedness.

A new want created a new industry, and manufacturers of grammatical and rhetorical aprons did a thriving business. The spirit of the stately and ponderous Blair walked once more in the schoolroom. Dear old Quackenbos, rehabilitated and rejuvenated, all gleaming in purple and gold,

aspired once more to leadership and summoned to his standard all who within the limits of a single year would master the art of written expression Educational doctors in numbers came forward with their newly-discovered rhubarb, senna, and other purgative drugs, warranted to scour this bad English hence. Schoolrooms from Maine to California resounded with a sonorous rhetorical gibberish as much out of place there as Aristotle's politics in a kindergarten. Ambitious writers set forth in school catalogues and in published papers courses in rhetoric, miscalled courses in composition, outlines of work that, while they might not be pretentious if set for advanced students in college courses, were, when set for secondary schools, mere hyperboles, exaggerations for effect. The unfortunate victims of one of these ambitious syllabi might study "The Humorous as a Quality of Style," but their own humor would probably be of the unconscious kind. They might talk fluently of the form, structure, and growth of the paragraph, while the scattered fragments of their own paragraphs would vainly signal one another from widely separated stations. They might become learned in the principles of the persuasive art, but could never convince any one of their power to write decent English. The story of the frantic, futile efforts that have been made to accomplish, by wholly inadequate means, results in English training wholly impossible by any means, would make a chapter in the history of pedagogy seldom surpassed either in humor or pathos. Undoubtedly these misguided efforts indicate a raising tide of enthusiasm for English study. To this same enthusiasm is to be traced the somewhat extravagant demands that have been and are still made for time to be devoted to specifically English work.

To the study of English in the high school, says the English Conference reporting to the Committee of Ten, should be given five hours a week throughout the four years course. Certainly no one will question that as much time should be assigned to specifically English study as shall suffice to meet the demands of a conservative and settled judgment. But no cry of "Alas for the illiteracy of American Youth!" or "English the Core of a Secondary Course!" must be allowed to sweep us from the safe anchorage of common sense.

The maxim that the successful conduct of any enterprise demands a knowledge of the end from the beginning has nowhere a more undoubted application than in English training; and when the end is plainly discerned, the adaptation of means to end should be comparatively an easy task. Easy, that is, in theoretical conception. The practical working out of the theory assuredly is not, either for teachers or students, easy in the sense of being unaccompanied by painstaking and persistent effort, and even drudgery. "The art of clear expression in writing," says a famous professor in a famous university, "is a perfectly simple one. Any boy can attain it by the time he is fifteen, and if he does not, it is his father's fault." A sapient utterance! and fraught with important consequences. All we have to do is to exterminate the culpable fathers and the English problem is solved.

Nothing is gained by underestimating the task set the secondary schools when they are asked to transform into something clean and decent the mongrel English that slips spontaneously and habitually from the tongues and pens of the unsifted masses of young people that somehow find their way into them. To expect the English alone and unaided, to stem this tide of muddy speech is about as reasonable as to expect him to sweep the myriad snowflakes back into the sky with a whisk broom. Out of the nebulous mass of ideas concerning the teaching of English in the schools this clear and luminous truth has been evolved: The teacher that is not for good English is against it. No more important educational task has

ever been attempted, not to say accomplished, than that of training a whole people to good reading and writing. As has often been remarked, the school is but one of the many influences that advance or retard the desired end. The school, however, will not be doing its utmost, will not even be meeting just and reasonable expectations, until every teacher lends the weight of his example, of his moral influence, and of his actual requirements in the classroom to the side of correct, clear, and adequate expression of ideas.

Teachers sometimes attempt to repudiate any share in this common responsibility. "Specialization," says Professor Herrick "has rendered the teacher delightfully free from the necessity of knowing any one thing outside of his own field, even English." "It is my business," we sometimes hear remarked, "to teach chemistry, physics, mathematics, history. I have no time to do the English teacher's work in addition to my own." Not much time is required to show one's attitude towards slovenly expression. Not much time is required to insist on the rewriting of a paper characterized by gross carelessness and apparent ignorance. When it is once understood that nothing short of the best English and the best mechanical execution of which the student is capable will be accepted, that best will be habitually given and corrections will be heeded. The spirit thus secured will insure that the vast amount of talking and writing required in recitations and tests be done under a helpful impulse to speak and to write well. The compartment idea, the idea that the work done in one subject has no necessary relation to any other will gradually break down. English will become if not the core, at least the tutelary spirit of the secondary course.

Every recitation, some of course to a greater degree than others, but every recitation is in some degree, a training in English, good or bad, does something to loosen or tighten the bonds of vicious speech habits. It is only because we have failed to utilize the total available power of the school that a demand is made for one fourth of the entire school time to be devoted to specifically English study.

Every written paper in whatever subject should be an exercise in corret mechanical execution. Every oral and written recitation in geometry should contribute to the formation of a sinewy and well compacted style. Every paper in history should be an exercise in composition as well as a test of historical knowledge. If inevitable obligation rests upon the teacher of subjects like those mentioned, what must be said of the obligation of teachers of Latin and Greek? The defense of the classics as instruments for the education of youth has shifted ground somewhat in modern times. One of the strongest bulwarks of that defense is perhaps the claim that "the study of the classics is the best preparation for the mother tongue." Even this bulwark has been rudely assailed. The opinion has been not infrequently expressed by men whose names have weight that the road to a good English style does not lie through years of plodding in Latin and Greek. "All experience shows," says Professor Alexander Bain, "that only very inferior English composition is the result of translating from Latin and Greek into English." Professor Bain probably meant that he did not find the graces of English style in Bohn's Classical Library. He certainly was not thinking of Jowett's *Plato* or Frere's *Aristophanes* or Martin's *Odes of Horace*. But the high school student will not produce translations like Jowett's or Frere's or Martin's. He does not know the language out of which he is translating so intimately that he can even suspect the existence of that delicate and untranslatable "aroma" about which we hear so much. He knows nothing of effects "so subtle that it is all but impossible to analyze them," nor can he reproduce in English whatever vague impressions he may receive of these finer and more elusive artistic effects. Could he do these things he must needs be a literary artist in both tongues.

Manifestly any discussion of translation as an aid in secondary English study must be on a distinctly lower plane, if it is to have any basis of actuality. For practical purposes it matters little to the teacher in the secondary school how Curtis and Lowell acquired their marvelous mastery of words. He has to do with young people whose antecedents and the prognosis of whose mental development are widely different from theirs. The æsthetic qualities of style do not very much concern him. He has to deal with a crowd of boys and girls, every page of whose written manuscript bears some traces of instruction indeed, but of instruction misapplied, distorted; whose themes bristle with scores of artificial eccentricities such as no mere untutored imagination could conceive unless spurred into abnormal activity by some fancy-stimulating drug. By some method or without any he must inhibit the practice of thrusting a comma between a verb and its subject, he must reform the spelling debauchee (See the Harvard lists, or better still consult your own), he must condescend to every form of grammatical blunder, he must wrestle with an ignorance so ingenious, so manifold, so hydra-headed, that the cultured denizens of Arcady may be pardoned if they cry out, illiterate.

A mere statement of the points to which the English teacher must direct his reforming processes is sufficient to demonstrate the proposition that the teachers of Latin and Greek are his natural and most efficient allies at least in his preliminary task of training out of the young student by practice under criticism and guidance those deforming and ludicrous blunders that characterize the Harvard facsimiles. Who that is well read in secondary compositions does not know the typical errors that abound on nearly every page of them? There is the great family of ambiguities of every kind and degree; ambiguities arising from modifiers that exhibit an obstinate preference for just those positions in the sentence to which the laws of clearness give them no title and, in a spirit of total depravity, divorce those parts of the sentence which the genius of the English tongue has united in indissoluble bonds. There are ambiguities from misplaced pronouns whose apparent antecedent touches the reader's sense of humor by suggestion of incongruous ideas; from prououns whose only antecedent is the imperfectly differentiated nucleus of an idea floating in the thin protoplasm of the writer's thought. There are the weak and useless circumlocutions that tend to supplant the effective word which comes only with thought; the weak, vague, and colorless words that usurp the place of the definite, specific, and suggestive ones. Use words only in their proper sense is an injunction found in every composition book, an injunction as ineffectual as prohibitions of the wrong usually are, if unaccompanied by practice of the right. Every one knows how the young writer tends to overwork the conjunctions "and," "but," and "while," apparently the only ones he knows, and how his most forcible thoughts waste their vigor by an utter disregard of forceful order in sentence and paragraph.

The composition books abound in striking and possibly valuable illustrations of all these valuable illustrations of all these various blunders. Some of them are classics of their kind. We are all well acquainted with the man who one night "saw twenty-seven meteors sitting on his piazza," and with his brother, who "saw the place where Warren fell for the first time, yesterday," and with "the farmer's orchard, respected by the boy who owns a large dog." We have perhaps obeyed the inevitable command to "bring in illustrations of all these errors and correct them."

These familiar illustrations of how not to do it may have their value, but there is certainly small need to require the young writer deliberately to construct them. His oral speech and his written themes are embarrassingly rich in them, and the teaching of composition, as far as composition can be taught, consists largely in their gradual effacement by practice in the expression of ideas under competent guidance. Translation is expres-

sion of ideas under competent guidance. Translation is expression of ideas. The ideas are furnished by the author to be translated. The act of translation is a double one: first, to get at the meaning of the original; second, to express that meaning in correct, clear and adequate English. It is only when the first of these two acts has been successfully performed that the student is ready for the second. Connected and formal translation is not a process necessary to the student in his effort to master the thought of the original. From the teacher's standpoint, it is not an instrument that he must use for the purpose of determining how perfectly the student has mastered the passage under consideration.

Everyone is probably familiar with the specimens of "translation English" which the Harvard Committee on Composition and Rhetoric was cruel enough to print. Let me refresh you with a delicious bit of humor, extracted from an examination paper in advanced Latin, written by a candidate for admission to Harvard in 1894. "Behold, however, the bull smoking under the hard ploughshare fell and threw out from his mouth blood mixed with froth and stifled his last groans. The sodden yeoman departs unyoking the bullock sorrowing at his brother's death, and leaves his implements fixed in the midst of his work. Nor the shades of the lowering groves, nor the soft fields can move his mind nor the (bird of some kind) which flying over the rocks seeks the field by the streamlet (but his sides are shaken with sobs) and stupor presses upon his fixed eyes, and his neck by the bending weight looks toward the earth." It has been said that the above passage shows equal ignorance of Latin and English. But as far as getting at the thought is concerned, the writer seems to have fairly solved the puzzle presented by the Latin. He saw the bullocks straining under their heavy toil; he felt their suffering evidenced by their heaving sides and nostrils flecked with bloody foam; he seems to have detected the intended contrast between the apparent sympathy of the other bullock for his dying fellow and the callous indifference of the ploughman who does not even relieve the suffering brute from the now useless burden of the yoke.

Nor is there anything in the translation, bad as it is, to exclude the possibility that the writer felt the added pathos from the setting of cool grove, and stream, and pleasant fields. He lacked two things: a sense of humor and a sense for English. No one with any sense of humor could possibly speak of a bull smoking under a hard ploughshare, or of his neck looking toward the earth, and no one with any sense for English could put words together in such a senseless way. But just such performances as this are the natural and legitimate product of four years of assiduous training in turning good Latin into mongrel English.

Nothing can be more certain than that translation does not make any important contribution to the power of clear and correct and forcible expression in English composition. Let it be understood that a student may have perfectly mastered a passage of Latin or Greek and yet be unable to turn it into idiomatic English, and the futility of resorting to translation for any other purpose than training in English expression becomes clear enough. No mere pruning away of a few of the most hideous deformities of oral translation will suffice. It is to be assumed that no teacher allows "hic" and "ille" to be translated "this one" and "that one," or every ablative absolute to be rendered "having been" something or other. These and a score of other superficial errors, into which word for word translation naturally tempts the learner, may be prevented or cured by persistent criticisms of oral translation. But the roots of the student's difficulties lie deeper. They are not touched by this superficial pruning. It is easy

enough to call for idiomatic English. But the student does not know the difference between idiomatic English and idiomatic Latin or Greek. It is precisely this difference that he must be taught and trained to see.

To this end frequent written translation is absolutely indispensable. At first at any rate and for some time, the written translation should be of review passages only and should be preceded by preparatory discussion. This discussion should bear upon the liberties that idiomatic English requires the translator to take with the order and construction of the original. No liberties must be taken with the thought. That is sacred and must all appear in the translation. The relation of the parts of the thought must be retained, but the discussion should seek to remove a superstitious reverence for the grammatical integrity of a long, complex sentence, crowded with details which no ingenuity can cram into an idiomatic English sentence.

There is no better training in English than real translation. There is no school exercise more demoralizing to good English than the humbug that masquerades under the name of translation. To secure the results that the exercise is calculated to yield, the writer believes there should be daily practice in written translation; that the portion assigned should be short enough to permit the student to do his best work; should be a passage already orally discussed and mastered in thought and construction. The written translation should then be criticised as a piece of English. It should be criticised as to form and mechanical execution; as to spelling, punctuation, capitalization; as to exact reproduction of the thought of the original; as to force, clearness, choice of words. Every peculiarity that would brand the student's work as translation English should be removed. If the teacher's time does not allow him to examine an exercise from each member of his class daily, let him do it weekly, or as often as he can, but let him do it thoroughly and with clear knowledge of the end in view. Let him have some papers read aloud in class and criticized by the class and himself. By such method persistently and skillfully followed the student's language conscience can be awakened, and his ambition can be aroused. When the interested and intelligent cooperation of the student himself has been enlisted, the teacher's work is half accomplished. It is said that the severest criticism passed by French students upon a teacher of Latin and Greek is, he does not know his French. The supplication of our secondary schools to the colleges and universities should be: Send us teachers of the classics who know their English, too.

Beneath the Mistletoe.

Ah, fain would I be a robber bold,
As she stands 'neath the mistletoe bough.
'Though without the Scene is wintry and cold,
Yet one kiss would make springtime, I vow.

And if I stole but one little kiss,
Would she grow frigid and haughty?
Or would she say, it was not amiss,
And kisses are nice, 'though they're naughty.

Then sweetly she smiles, and holds out her hand,
And she says in her charming way,
"I assure you, my friend, I know where I stand:
But I can not remain here all day."

The Value of the Study of Literature.

WITHIN the last few years, great changes have been made in the curriculum of our common schools. One of the most important of these changes is the introduction of the study of literature into the schools. It is true that the readers formerly used, contained selections from the works of our great authors; yet even these were studied not so much from the standpoint of literature as from that of reading. Thus the pupil entered the high school without any knowledge of literature, and at least one year passed before he was able to do real work in this study. Now, since the change, the pupil gets this preparation before coming to high school, and a valuable thing this is. And why is it? Why is the study of literature so important? Because the benefits derived from it are so numerous and of such high value.

In the first place, the study of literature cultivates in the pupil a taste for good reading, and forms in him the habit of reading for a higher purpose than mere amusement and pleasure. From the works of the great writers, the student learns to speak and write good English. Good literature, furthermore, develops the mind of the reader in every way. As a great English writer has expressed it, literature benefits us by "appealing to the three grand intellectual elements, imagination, memory and reflection."

Let us look at some particular classes of books and consider their special benefits. Poetry is valuable because of the love of nature with which it inspires the student; for as the love of nature makes a good poet, so the study of poetry induces the pupil to observe nature more closely and to learn to admire and love her. Who could read Longfellow, Whittier and Burns without being touched with a deep love of nature? Historical romances are of great benefit because of the historical knowledge which one can get from them. The fact that historical circumstances and events are interwoven with personal affairs, makes the picture and account of the times attractive, and we get valuable knowledge in a pleasant way. We not only get it in a pleasant way, but get it better, because the scenes and the characters are rendered so vivid, and we will therefore remember it longer. By studying such works as "Ivanhoe," "Woodstock," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Old Mortality," we unconsciously get knowledge which we could and would never get from any text books on history. Public speeches and orations are beneficial, because from them we may learn about the political questions of the time; they are especially helpful to young men, because they teach them the art of debating and making public speeches. Essays, for instance, those of Macaulay and Carlyle, give us valuable information in regard to the subject of the essay, and in regard to its author.

There is, however, another benefit of literature, which is of higher value than those already mentioned. This is the moral influence which good literature exerts over the mind of the pupil. In the first place, good literature develops in the student the sense of right and wrong by showing us how the good and the bad characters often gives us a clear insight into our own character, and we find that the faults that we condemn in certain characters are faults which we ourselves possess. Furthermore, when we read about a noble character and come to admire him very much, we take him as our ideal in striving to suppress our passions and to practice virtue. Whenever we read about a person who has long suffered trials and sorrows, but is finally made happy, we are encouraged to bear all evil with patience and to hope that the good will triumph in the end. Whenever we read about the great character, how their greatness may be traced back to faithfulness and consequent success to little things, we learn that the place where we must begin to expect success is in little every-day affairs, and that to have this success we must be truly faithful.

These, then, are the benefits derived from the study of literature. No one can and will doubt the high value of these benefits. Since the object of all education is the development of character, and since literature has such great influence on the character of the student, the study of literature is seen to be very important. "Thus the great master-pieces of the world are the master instruments of a solid education."

A Tale of Ye Olden Times.

AFTER ten months of hard labor a crowd of girls went to visit my grandmother for a few weeks. She lived in a lovely old house, full of those relics which so charm young girls.

One rainy afternoon grandma sent us all to the attic to rummage in the mysterious looking chests. An hour or two passed quickly; we dressed up in some old gowns that belonged to grandma in her youth and even to her mother. One of the chests contained letters, yellow with age, and other trifles which grandma had preserved from her girlhood days. Among these we came across something tied up in paper, which perhaps had been white at one time, but now was as yellow as the letters.

"Here is something that has a history, I am sure," said one of the girls, "I wonder if grandma will tell us about it. It's just the day for a story, so come, girls, let's go down just as we are and listen to a 'tale of ye olden times.' "

So down we all trooped, and very quaint and fantastic we must have looked in those gowns from fifty to one hundred years old. We found grandma in her room and as she looked at the package we gave her, she quietly remarked: "I expected you would find this, my dears, and I was sure that it would excite your curiosity; for if I am not mistaken, girls are famous for discovering old relics and asking for their history."

We all clustered around her for we could tell from her manner that something very interesting was coming. When we were all comfortably settled, grandma tenderly unwrapped the package, and held up before our eyes two satin slippers, so small that it seemed impossible that any one could ever have worn them. These two had been white at one time, but now were yellow with age.

Grandma stroked them gently with her hand and for several moments was silent; but finally she pushed back her spectacles from her eyes, and began her story.

"Many years ago I was rummaging in the attic of my grandmother, just as you have been doing this afternoon, and I came across the slippers tied up just as you found them. I took them down to my grandmother and asked for their story. After she had finished I begged her to let me have the slippers, but she said that she couldn't part with them then. Not long afterwards, however, she died, and I took possession of them.

"They belonged to your great grandmother's sister. She was but a young girl full of life and hope, when heart trouble came upon her. After a few years, it apparently left her, and all hoped that she was entirely cured.

"When she was about twenty-three, so the story runs, she was invited to a grand ball given by one of the magistrates of Boston. These were the slippers she wore. See how small they are! How proud and lovely she must have looked as she stepped daintily into her sedan chair, and what a belle she must have been at the ball! Imagine her, my dears, in her quaint costume, dancing the minuet with the gallant cavaliers!

"I saw the very house when I was a girl, and stood in the very room where she danced so gayly. The very spinet stood in the same corner where it stood on that memorable night.

"But to go on with my story, dears, she was dancing to the music of a waltz, when without a bit of warning she fell over—dead.

"She was taken to her home, and for a long time her gown and these slippers were preserved, but her gown was finally destroyed and all that is left to us of her is her slippers.

"But now, for the strange part of my story. A hundred years passed by after the girl's sad death, and during all this time the house of the magistrate remained intact.

"You know, dears, how solid those old mansions were made. About the year 1840, a young lady and her brother went to make a visit at this old home.

"One day, she was looking through an old cabinet which stood near the spinet, and among other things she found the music of an old waltz.

"It was dusk, and the lighted candle on the spinet, shed a dim light around the room. She started to play the waltz, but stopped almost instantly, for she thought that she heard something. She turned around, and there in the middle of the floor she saw what she thought were two little white mice, dancing. She merely caught a glance of them, however, for as soon as the music stopped, they disappeared.

"Thinking that they had gone back to their holes, she began to play again. She turned around a second time, and there those little mice were again. In a few moments her brother came into the room, and she told him to watch the mice. She began again to play; suddenly she heard her brother give a low cry. He told her to keep on playing while he went nearer. In a few moments he came back to the spinet as white as he could be. 'They are not mice,' he exclaimed, 'but little feet in white slippers—dancing!'

"They looked at the music and saw written on the front of it, these words: 'Waltz—played at Winslow's ball, January, 1740.'

"They hastened to ask about this and their hostess told them about the ball and our great-aunt's death, and they told her of what they had seen.

"Whether there is any truth in the story that what these people saw, were the feet of our aunt dancing to the music of the waltz that was played for her to dance a hundred years before, I leave for you to think about; but however true the last part of my story may be, it is certain that these slippers incased the little feet that danced for the last time that night."

As grandma finished her story, we all drew a long breath, and, involuntarily we glanced at the middle of the floor, as if we expected to see little feet dancing there.

"But grandma, you haven't told us the girl's name," I said.

"Her name was Dorothy, and if you had looked a little farther in the chest, you would have come across her miniature. Tomorrow you may look for that."

Just then the teabell rang, and as there was no time to change our gowns, we all went down to tea just as we were. Grandma said that even Dorothy in her quaint costume of a hundred and fifty years ago could not have looked quainter than we did in our gowns, as we sat around the tea table that evening.

E. C. T.

SKATING SONG.

Hand in hand, away we fly
Under the moon-lit, star-lit sky,
Over the ice, all in a trice,
Over the glittering, gleaming ice.

Sing ho for the ice, heigh-ho!
All frosted with powdered snow;
While the stars gleam back, over the track;
While the moon and stars on high gleam back.

What care we for biting cold,
What care we for wind so bold,
As we glide along with shout and song,
As merrily skating we glide along.

Of weariness little we reck,
Joy has us now at her beck.
So on we fly 'neath the star-lit sky;
So gliding and whirling on we fly.

School, Aside from Study.

THE High School boys fun begins when, as a Freshman, he enters that institution. When he arrives at the school gate, he finds that is impossible to reach the door without passing along a narrow walk. Standing by the railing on both sides of this walk is a reception committee, consisting of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. Every Freshman who enters the building must "run the gauntlet." While he is being pushed from one side of the walk to the other, the victim consoles himself with the thought that the next year will find him on the offensive instead of the defensive.

Following the directions of the teacher, who stands at the door, the stranger climbs two flights of stairs and discovers that he is in the "attic," the abode of the Freshmen. If he is bent on having fun, he soon finds that the reference table is an excellent place to whisper, for he can pile up books to protect himself from the teacher's gaze. Many a note he writes, and many a time he is caught in the act of passing these messages to his neighbors. Different punishments are inflicted for such misdeeds. At one time he is ordered to stand in a corner until he sees a classmate whispering and reports him; but his smiling countenance, and the conversation slyly carried on with the person nearest him give evidence that he will not comply with the teacher's request. At another time, he is sent to a cloak room where he amuses himself by trying on the girls' hats and cloaks.

By the time he becomes a Sophomore he becomes more dignified, and determines not to disgrace his class by getting into trouble; besides he has a front seat in "the big room," and is closely watched. All is well until the Principal, who has stepped out of the room for a moment, comes back just in time to catch our friend in the middle of a sentence, and orders him to betake himself to the bench. The rest of the day is spent in listening to Geometry and Latin recitations, which are not very interesting except when something funny is said. The boy does not realize the significance of the term "mourner's bench" until school is dismissed, and he is forced to listen to a lecture on "sneaks." He is very proud of the class colors, and bravely, though in vain, does he fight for them when they are stolen by the Seniors.

When a Junior he occupies a seat more centrally located for the greater part of the year. The reading recitations and the labratory work are the chief sources of amusement. On Field Day he shouts for the members of his class until he can scarcely speak. On Commencement night, in order to maintain the standing of the Juniors, a joke is played on the Seniors.

As a Senior he occupies a back seat for a few days, and then takes a front one, in order that, being in front of them, he may set a good example for the lower classes! Much pleasure is afforded by collecting "Grinds" for the annual, which he is confident will prove a success. In June he is presented with a diploma and steps out of the High School, hoping that the members of future classes will follow his good (?) example.

Soph's Dream.
THE WAY I WILL DRESS
HOW I WILL SING THE SONGS
QUALESS WILL HAVE A JUNIOR PROM

Debating Clubs in the High School.

ABOUT twenty years ago, several young men, namely: Frank Taylor, Theo. Frank, Harry Ninde, Urban Miller, Sam C. King and Chauncey Hart, formed a debating club. These gentlemen are all graduates of our high school and are, with the exception of Mr. Hart, all living in Fort Wayne.

The Constitution and By-Laws were drafted in Judge L. M. Ninde's law office, and the society was called the Clay Club. This organization met every Friday in the criminal court room of the old court house, and important questions of the day were discussed, and usually left to the decision of some prominent attorney. Poems and essays written by members were a feature of the weekly program. The Clay Club existed, as near as I can ascertain, about fifteen years, and was certainly beneficial. For one of its charter members in speaking of the organization said to me, "I derived much pleasure and good from that society. It was just fine." It seems that the final dissolution of the Clay Club was caused by the many social and athletic duties of some of the members.

There was a debating society in the High School for five years after the dissolution of the Clay Club. In the fall of 1896; the class of "'99" formed its Lyceum. We were only second years then, and of course the other classes ridiculed the idea and some of the teachers opposed it. Nevertheless, in spite of these detriments, when we had received permission from the School Board to hold our meetings in the large assembly room of the high school we launched our society. Through the ability and untiring efforts of the president and the co-operation of his fellow officers and members, the organization became a success. Questions of current issue, as well as the famous authors, were discussed. In addition to the regular debate, it was the custom of the society to secure some local speaker for each meeting. The Lyceum continued in this manner throughout the school term and until February of the next term.

At this time the Lyceum decided, for two reasons, to take in the other classes, excepting the Freshmen. In the first place, the ranks of "'99" were getting thin, and we thought that we could do better work with more members. Then, we thought that we were rather selfish in depriving the members of the other classes of the vast benefit we were deriving from our Lyceum. Hence the Union Debating Club was formed and followed the plan set down by the "99 Lyceum." This organization also had a very successful issue and disbanded at the close of the school term in 1898.

This year, several young men interested in debating clubs conceived the idea of forming such an organization for the male members of the High School. Their action caused much disappointment and some anger among a few of the young ladies who are desirous of developing their oratorical ability and becoming stump speakers in the cause of woman's rights. The society meets every two weeks on Friday evening. Often during the year, when no program had been prepared, various members would volunteer to debate extemporaneously. These meetings always proved to be the most interesting. Though no eloquent and elaborate speeches were delivered, still interesting and original arguments were always given. They showed clearly how much good was being derived from the organization. One of the wisest actions taken by the society was its electing Mr. Schultze president. Through his knowledge of Parliamentary law, Mr. Schultze has made an admirable chairman, and by his kind advice and friendly criticism has rendered a vast amount of aid to us all.

In conclusion, we, the Class of "99," who upon coming into this high school awoke the waning interest in debating clubs, earnestly hope that when we leave the school, this interest will not be allowed to smolder and die.

WHO?

The speaker stood in the Geometry class
Propounding a proposition deep,
He talked and talked 'till their came a voice:
Mr. S. you may take your seat.

The speaker stood in the Congress halls
Debating on questions deep,
He talked and he fumed 'till the Czar said:
"Time's up! So take your seat."

Another Commencement Crime.

THE last of the few days of school hung like ill-boding clouds over the high perched heads of the Seniors. They felt that some misfortune, some shame, or some dire calamity was to befall them on that awe-inspiring night when they were to make their appearance before the public as graduates; and they knew that if it did, the ever triumphant Juniors would have another victory to add to their already long list of successes. They hesitated about asking the Juniors to act as ushers, but finally were forced to acknowledge that they were the only ones capable of performing that duty with dignity.

The invitation was extended somewhat later than Ruth Ashmore would have advised in her column of the Ladies' Home Journal, but then the Seniors had to look out for their own safety and we cheerfully forgave them. (If we do anything that is at all out of place, you must remember that Ruth is dead now and we have no one to go to for advice, therefore you must excuse us.) Several dashing young boys of the Sophomore class were asked to assist our boys—the Seniors' real reason being to prevent the naughty Juniors from having any fun at their expense. But they found out that the "Sophs" were not angels either.

The Temple was guarded night and day, and when the last day came the mighty Seniors heaved a sigh of relief for not a Junior or "Soph" had attempted to enter the building and not one of them showed any signs of coming fun.

The Seniors had not remained after school the day when they extended their invitation to the Juniors and did not see the group of wily boys confidentially talking to each other in the assembly room. Profound thought made them speechless for some time, then a merry voice rang out, "I've got it, boys! I've got it!" The way they acted one might have thought that they had something awful; but it was only a brilliant idea. Yes, and "there were others" too, but nothing much was said about them until the last afternoon before commencement. The Junior girls were in great demand and telephone messages flew from house to house. Door bells rang violently and in embarassment the shy lassies with their hair done up on curlers opened the door and were confronted by a puffing usher. At last evening came. At seven o'clock six fair maidens made their way to the balcony of the Temple and sat, three on either side, near the boxes. One carried a suspicious looking package.

In a short time the guests began to arrive, and for nearly an hour there was a continual chatter and the rustle of silks and pretty ball gowns. At eight o'clock the lights were lowered. Not a sound was heard. The heavy curtain slowly rose and before the audience sat twenty-seven young

men and sweet girl graduates. All heads were bowed during the prayer for the departing class, and, no doubt, each member was thanking his "lucky star," because the Juniors had been so good to them. After the orchestra finished playing "The Graduates," Professor Foulke, of Chicago, stepped before the people; his very appearance held them spell-bound. He turned to address the graduates, but, "hark, what is that!" was expressed on the face of every person. It was only the flapping of wings and a suppressed giggle. And then there rose before the audience four beautiful carrier pigeons, and with every flap of their graceful wings long streamers of *purple* and *gold* waved defiance to the outwitted Seniors. The people saw the joke and heartity applauded. Several of the Seniors managed to put on a broad grin, but most of them shot savage looks toward the gleeful ushers. One pigeon enjoyed the joke as much as the people and carried it farther by struting across the stage and spending the evening beneath one of the chairs, that the Seniors might enjoy looking at our glorious colors all during the exercises.

After the excitement ceased the graduates put on their evening dress faces again and seemed relieved, because they thought the joke was over. Jay alone appeared uneasy and kept his eyes on the six fair maidens in the balcony. How could he help it though? An hour later, when all attention was centered on the Valedictorian, a square piece of white linen moved slowly out from one end of the balcony and, opening in midair, revealed a-a—well, I don't exactly like to say it, for it was really mean; but, any way, but people usually call such an animal "Jack," and his companion "Jennie." At any rate, as the "'98" on the end showed the picture was intended to represent the departing class. Poor Seniors! Poor Seniors!! They alone must attempt to express their feelings. Never was a class more anxious to have the curtain drop than that one. When they reached the Club House the triumphant Juniors greeted them. From the lapel of each coat hung the *purple* and *gold* with strips of the picture and the Spanish flag The graduates pretended to have forgotten the joke and hoped that others would do the same, but what was their surprise and their feelings when they saw Mr. Lane and others congratulating the Juniors, and declaring that the pigeon joke was the prettiest ever played at a High School commencement.

The Ex-Junior Picnic.

THE last week of school had come, bringing joy to some and sorrow to others. I can't say that the Juniors were not glad that their vacation was so near, but I can say that they were sorry and almost heart-broken to lose one of their best and most popular teachers.

Miss C. had been offered a fellow-ship in the State University of Pennsylvania. The Juniors were proud to think that one of their instructors should be given such an honor. So a crowd of Junior girls gathered together and discussed several plans by which they might show their appreciation for Miss C. They finally decided to give a picnic in her honor.

The questions now came up, "Whom shall we invite?" "What shall we have for lunch," and "Where shall we give the picnic?" All these questions but the first were decided upon. The girls, ex-Juniors now, were undecided whether or not they would invite the boys. They knew the boys thought as much of Miss C. as they did, but they didn't want to invite them. They were also afraid that it wouldn't be right to exclude them. I am afraid they were a little jealous of the boys, so they decided that they would not invite them.

At last the appointed day came and a merry crowd waited for the coaches that were to take them to a beautiful summer resort north of the city. When the coaches arrived, all the girls scrambled to get a seat next to Miss C. But as every one could not sit beside her, they took the next best thing and sat as near to her as they could.

On their way, the girls talked over the question that was so hard for them to decide, and said they hoped that they would see none of the boys at the resort. You can imagine how they felt when the first persons they saw when they reached their destination were two boys of their class.

Entering the grove, the jolly crowd was beseiged by two news reporters, much to the sorrow of the crowd who did not want the uninvited ones to know about the picnic. You see the two boys they met did not know the particulars of the case, and had no way of finding out unless some of the girls would tell them.

After the news reporters found out all they could, the picnicers decided to hunt for a place where they might eat their lunch.

One of the girls said, "I know a good place where the mosquitos are not plentiful." The whole crowd answered, "Alright, you lead the way and we will follow."

Their guide led them across a rustic bridge into the wild part of the grove, over fallen trees and through shrubbery. Finally they were led down a steep hill and over what had once been a bed of a small stream.

One of the girls became disgusted and cried out, "Where under the———?" She happened to think that there was an older person with them, and said: "Well if you had to carry this cake, you wouldn't lead us in such places. Still I don't care if you want to eat mashed cake."

At last they came to a table and decided to eat their lunch rather than carry their packages and baskets any further. Here there were so many mosquitos that each one had to use her handkerchief to keep them away.

The waving of the handkerchiefs must have attracted the same two boys that they had met on their arrival, for the crowd had hardly been there five minutes when the boys appeared on the scene.

Well, the girls didn't know what to do or what to say. They didn't want to ask the boys to stay, and they didn't want to give them too much of a "freeze out" at once. The result was that Miss C. did most of the talking. The boys stood around awkwardly, and looked as if they wished they had never come into that neighborhood. Finally they left, going right across some low, wet ground and followed by the warning cry of the girls, "There are snakes in there," to which the boys answered, "We can stand the snakes." Where upon one girl said, "They can stand snakes, but not such a 'freeze out' as this."

The crowd now decided to eat their lunch. The cake was not mashed as it was supposed to be, and it was placed in the center of the table. The sight of the lunch made the girls forget all about the boys, and in a short time all were talking and merrily laughing.

It was now nearly time to return to the city. The somewhat tired picnicers climbed into the coaches and were soon spinning over the country roads on their homeward journey.

A Street Incident.

IT WAS very warm. Every one was either wiping the perspiration from his face or using his handkerchief to hide his starchless collar. The bootblacks were as warm as the rest of humanity, but at least one of them seemed to be "taking things easy." He was sitting on a box and leaning against the store, with his hat pushed back on his head, a cigarette in his mouth, and his feet drumming against the box. Below him, near his bootblacking material, was a smaller urchin, seeming quite happy in his employment of watching the "stuff."

Up the street came a white-headed, aristocratic looking man. His face was flushed and he seemed worried. He looked at the buildings and names of the streets as if he was searching for some place. As he looked up and down the street as if he was searching for some place. As he looked up and down the street he passed our bootblack several times. He was evidently a stranger in the city and had lost his way. He seemed very much put out about it, and apparently hated to ask any one to help him. Finally he conquered his pride, went up to our bootblack and said:

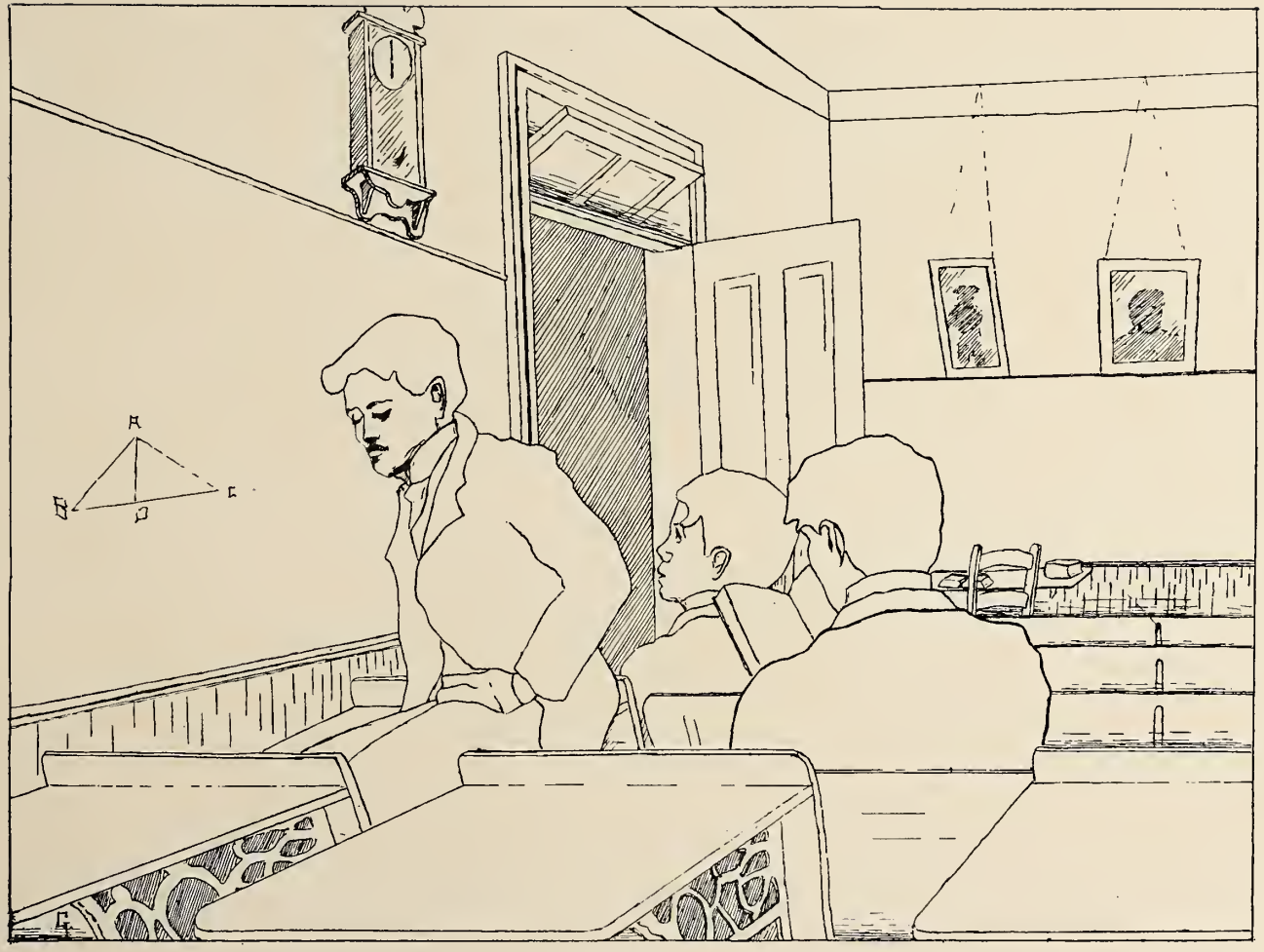
"I should like to go to the Union depot."

The little rag-muffin took his cigarette out of his mouth, held it between his fingers, pushed his hat farther back on his head, looked at the old man awhile, then drolled out:

"Wall, yer kin go if yer wanter. I haint got no objections."

Two or Three Times.

Two or three glances and two or three smiles;
Two or three notes, written in the meanwhile;
Two or three times called to the front seat;
Two or three times caught when trying to cheat;
Two or three times sent from Chemistry class:
On account of talking to some pretty lass;
Two or three times, two or three minutes late;
Because of the many decrees of fate;
After two or three weeks keeping strict to these rules;
Please seek for admittance to "easier" schools.


A
B
D
C

THE RAVEN.

[NOTE—The janitor handed this to the Editor, saying that he found it on the "bench" in Room No 9.]

Once upon a school-day dreary, as I pondered, weak and weary
Over many a seam and crack that lined the floor—
While I nodded nearly napping suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at the big-room door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "Tapping at the big-room door—
Only this and nothing more."

II.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And the soft, uncertain rustle of each homeward passing pupil,
Had thrilled me—filled me with strange terrors never felt before;
So that now to still the beating of my heart I paused repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at the big-room door—
That it is and nothing more."

III.

Back round to the window turning all my soul within me burning,
Then again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "that is something at the window dark in shadow;
Let me guess then what thereat is and the mystery explore.
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore,
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

IV.

Wearily I gazed and muttered, when with many a flirt and flutter,
Forth there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of lord or lady perched beside the big-room door;
Perched upon the clock slow ticking just beside the big-room door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

V.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shoven, thou" I said, "art sure no
craven;
Ghastly, grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

VI.

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though it's answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we can't help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird beside the big-room door.
Bird or beast upon the plain carved clock beside the big-room door—
With such a name as "Nevermore."

VII.

But the raven, sitting lonely on the plain-carved clock spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
'Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have left here;
surely
On the morrow I can leave here, as my friends have left before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

VIII.

"Prophet!" and I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, near this well worn spot enchanted,
Near this seat by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,—
Will I, will I never leave here, tell me,—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

A Few Facts.

INVESTIGATION reveals the fact that eight members of the Senior class believe in "real live ghosts." Nineteen say that there are no such things. One person says that she believes in *one* ghost, but no amount of persuasion could induce her to mention it's name.

Eleven Seniors believe in dreams; eleven say "pshaw," when asked if they believe in them. Six say, "well, may-be, sometimes." Some Seniors say they do, as far as dreams indicate a disordered—well, you know what.

Ten Seniors attend or favor the Congregational Church. The Lutheran Church ranks next on the list having seven members in the class. Then comes the Presbyterian with five members. Three Seniors *say* that they attend the Negro Church, but these three fair young ladies were trying to "jolly" the editor when they said that "they went to the Negro Church." The Episcopalian and Baptist Churches have each one attendant in the class. There is one Atheist in the class.

In politics the Republicans are nineteen strong. The "Gold Bug" Democrats number three, and the "Free Silver" party has one representative in the graduating class. Five Seniors have not made up their minds as to what party they belong, but from present appearances they will join the Republican ranks.

By the votes of the Junior and Senior classes, Mr. C. T. Lane is considered and declared to be the most popular instructor in the High School. Mr. A. B. Crowe is held to be the "easiest to get along with." Algebra must be the hardest study in the school, for there seems to be no other cause for the classes saying that Miss Blynn is the hardest instructor to study under.

The last question voted upon was that of the prettiest miss in the Junior and Senior classes. Miss Bessie Jones is declared to be the prettiest young lady in the Junior class, Miss Jessie Reitze has the second place on the Junior list.

Among the Seniors Miss Glo Miller is given first place; about her stand Misses Agnes Murdock, Lilian Lauferty and Nannie Williams.

WAITING.

Oh the weary wind sobs thro' the pine trees,
And the moaning waves beat on the shore,
And the sails they pass in the twilight,
But the ship I love comes nevermore.

She sailed from the port in the spring time
When turquoise and bright was the sea,
When the robins were nesting and singing
And the flowers in bloom on the lea.

Then came summer in beauty and plenty,
And Autumn with harvest of gold.
Then winter that set our hearts throbbing
As we watched thro' the pitiless cold.

And many a year have I waited
Thro' the spring tide and summer of life,
I have watched for that ship's masts and rigging
While my heart waged a pitiful strife.

And I'll wait through the autumn and winter,
And I'll wait 'till I leave earth's dark shore,
I'll be true to my own Breton laddie,
'Though the good ship return nevermore.

L. E. L.

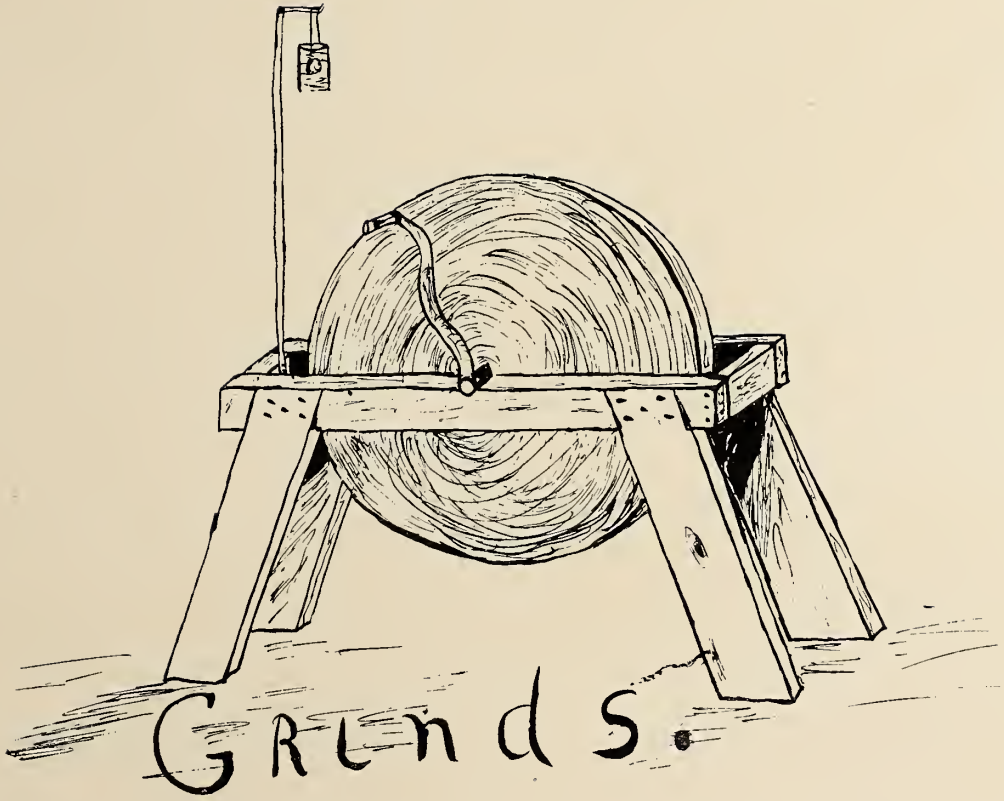
YOUTH AND SPRING.

Youth and spring do not last forever;
Indeed, for us they are too soon done,
For just as spring turns into summer
Manhood comes and youth is gone.

Early spring is full of flowers,
But every one of these must fade;
Happy are youth's fleeting hours,
But Old Time's scythe cannot be staid.

After the spring must the summer be,
And spring comes but once a year;
Before our manhood, our youth must flee,
So let us enjoy it while it's here.

M. A. D.


Grinds.

'99 CALENDER.

SEPTEMBER 12.

First day of school. Nothing happened; even Rothschild kept off the bench.

SEPTEMBER 13.

Miss Hauck and Douglass are seated next to each other. Will this be a repetition of the story of Read ('98 and Miss Sauer)?

SEPTEMBER 14.

In Reading class Miss Stevens requests Louise Raser to criticize the "manner in which the class stands." Miss Raser: "Well, Mr. Taylor's knees are not quite straight."

SEPTEMBER 15.

Mr. Bell decides that seven girls are a few too many for him, and does not take Greek.

SEPTEMBER 16.

First Staff meeting. Mr. Douglass escorts Miss Kanaga home; Taylor next day. "Pistols and coffee for two, Burns."

SEPTEMBER 19.

Senior class holds its election of officers. A case of "too much Johnson" in the presidential chair.

SEPTEMBER 20.

Mr. Orr bids fair to rival Mr. Read in Miss Sauer's affections. She is actually discovered talking to him.

SEPTEMBER 21.

Miss Lauferty presents Mr. Lane with a "Lullaby" in place of an excuse for absence. Time for the "Society for the Suppression of Amateur Poets" to step in.

SEPTEMBER 22.

Walter Barrett, James Willson, Guy Smith and Walter Hamilton attend the 1902 election.

SEPTEMBER 23.

We learn that the ballot box was "stuffed" at the Freshman election. Odd!

SEPTEMBER 26.

Explosion in the Chemistry Laboratory.

SEPTEMBER 27.

D. B. D. was was presented with a beautiful celluloid rattle at the request of Mr. Wise.

SEPTEMBER 28.

Prof. Lane smiled at his Virgil class.

SEPTEMBER 29.

Alice Foster: "Oh, girls, there's a horse!" We wonder where Miss Foster has been living all these years.

SEPTETBER 30.

Mr. Lane in Solid Geometry: "Of course the line wouldn't do a thing to the sphere."

OCTOBER 1.

A Debating Society is formed, and this is where the girls get a "freeze-out."

OCTOBER 2.

Miss Foster to Miss Long: "I do wish you would give me your brother." Five minutes later, "Oh, if C. L. puts that in the Calender, won't you explain that I just want a brother." Applicants come forward.

OCTOBER 3.

Professor Crowe in Physiology class: "Girls, don't act like babies. You are all Seniors or keeping company with them." About how many girls does Professor C. think seven boys can "rush?"

OCTOBER 4.

The Board gives us a vacation in honor of "Children's Day" at the "Carnival."

OCTOBER 5.

Nina Graham: "What is the matter? I can't blow out this gas light."

OCTOBER 6.

Agnes Fairbanks of the Clay School: "Well, in tennis "love" is "nothing," but when your in love its something. Yes, Agnes, and Nelson McLain eyidently thinks so too.

OCTOBER 7.

Taylor is wearing a new suit, but it is only an old one did over, and surely "Tim" is in a position to known.

OCTOBER 10.

Agnes Murdock and Louise Raser have the pleasure of setting on the bench.

OCTOBER 11.

Deither's recipe for coffee is made public. Any one wishing further particulars apply to the "Grind Editor."

OCTOBER 12.

Miss Stecher translating Latin: "He saw three "deers" wandering on the shore." Mr. Lane, "Dears? They must have been young ladies, that is the only article that goes by that name."

OCTOBER 13.

Senior girl, speaking of an uncompleted pin cushion: "I must go home and fix my other bow." We'll wager that was a peculiar style of "Zeugma," and that she was thinking of more than one kind of *bow*.

OCTOBER 14.

About this date Smaltz gets smitten on Miss Fee. Next!

OCTOBER 15.

Fort Wayne Foot Ball Team played Hartford City. Score, 11 to 5 in favor of Hartford. Willson's run and touch-down saved us from a "freeze out."

OCTOBER 16.

Alma Paul contributes her share to the "Vedette" by making a record for Sunday evening breaks. Witness the following:

1. "Oh, Lil feel how blue my nose is."
2. "Oh, I just pulled my muscle out of joint."
3. "No. They don't need a chaperone. There is a light in the parlor."

OCTOBER 17.

Mr. Bell wears a red tie to school. Misses Raser, Ortman, Kanaga, Astry, Phelps and Murdock proceed to lose their heads and hearts.

OCTOBER 18.

Illness compels Myra Pellens to leave school. 'Tis thus that '99s ranks are thinned. (Thus, and in other ways.)

OCTOBER 19.

Lena Terry in Geometry: "The line embraces the point." Mr. Lane: "Well, Miss Lena, you must be fond of embracing."

OCTOBER 20.

We notice that Bell is wearing a yellow "mum" in that famous red tie of his. We wonder if Bell is slightly mixed in his rymes, or if he is really trying to "catch a fellow" for one of his numerous admirers.

OCTOBER 21.

Alex Olds and Ollie Olinger raise the Freshman banner over the school house. The Debating Society decides to try them for this. No wonder!

OCTOBER 22.

Fort Wayne goes to Culver City to play the Culver Foot Ball eleven. Culver wins, score 38 to 0. Where, oh where were 250 + Johnson, and Jones "the nimble."

OCTOBER 24.

Mr. Wise's resignation is made public. We certainly regret the loss of one of our most able instructors.

OCTOBER 25.

Lilian Ortman translating Vergil: "I will make you hers forever." Mr. Lane: "Hem the modern idea of marriage."

OCTOBER 26.

Mr. Crowe discovers a new use for "Florence Flasks." We wonder if coffee made in one of these is better than the common kind.

OCTOBER 27.

An example of High School literary style. Quotation from a Junior (?) theme: "The young lady sat down in the water and began to go down."

OCTOBER 29.

H. S. beats the Brother School at foot ball. Bravo! We actually surpass this newly organized team of little boys.

OCTOBER 31.

Professor McMillan makes his first appearance in High School

NOVEMBER 1.

Our editor-in-chief sets the pace in Latin. Mr. Lane to Douglass: "Your language would disgrace a barbarian, so I'll see you later." Douglass to Miss Durnell after class: "He invited me to five o'clock tea."

NOVEMBER 2.

Mr. Lane to Agnes Murdock: "Miss Agnes, have you ever made a study of honey, what kind and what number?"

NOVEMBER 3.

Miss Stecher translating Greek: "He was, *saw*—" Miss Williams chiming in, "crossing the Tigretis river."

NOVEMBER 4.

Kell and Orr are transferred to the Senior Reading Class. Orr is allowed to share with Douglass and Johnson the much coveted (?) honor of sitting in the front row.

NOVEMBER 7.

Mr. Orr forgets to curl his radiant locks.

NOVEMBER 8.

Ann Matsch in Vergil: "He stretched forth his armless hand."

NOVEMBER 9.

Quotation from George Drayer's composition on "How to Set a Table:" "Place the plates on each place, and then sit the cups on each seat." Oh yes, we understand, and then place yourself where?

NOVEMBER 10.

Misses Ortman and Raser appear in new attire. Swartz sports a new black suit. We wonder if there was any connection beween this and the fact that Swartz asked Taylor how much marriage licenses cost.

NOVEMBER 11.

Quotation from Senior essays: 1. "We were not over the easy effects of home life." That sounds like Bell. 2. "So holding it in his shirt bosom, the friends entered it."

NOVEMBER 14.

Anna Matsch asks in excited tone: "Am I bald?" We are sure that we never before suspected that it was a *wig*, Anna.

NOVEMBER 15.

James Willson had his palm read. He was told that he would enjoy himself at a funeral. Wonder if he would at his own?

NOVEMBER 16.

About this time matters between Upmeyer and Edith Philley begin to look serious.

NOVEMBER 18.

Mr. Crowe in Physics Class: "One person absent, Clara Shepard and Chas. Hanna." Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one; and we never suspected it.

NOVEMBER 21.

Seniors finish English History.

NOVEMBER 22.

Robert Kell leaves us. Is it because his father was elected to Senatorship?

NOVEMBER 23.

There must be an epidemic of hair cuts. Johnson gets one too. Foot ball season is not over till Thanksgiving, John.

NOVEMBER 24.

Thanksgiving day. We don't know whether to give thanks as a school or not. True, we did have a vacation; but Hartford City beat us a foot ball game. Score, 25 to 6.

NOVEMBER 28.

Mr. Crowe in Physiology Class: "There are some very interesting experiments with hearts."

NOVEMBER 29.

Mr. Reginald P. Dryer escorts Miss Pearse to school. Oh Mr. D., we are sure you didn't give Miss Hazel half of that umbrella, and it was hers too.

NOVEMBER 30.

Miss Jay to a Freshman: "How would you like to come to school with sharp shooters all along the line?" Probably the Freshies did *not* like it when they tried on September 12.

DECEMBER 1.

Bertha Phelps wears a new dress that is "full length." Bertha seems to be taking the fact that she is a Senior seriously.

DECEMBER 2.

Mr. Lane: "People that use a pony always trail behind." Miss Raser in an undertone, "Oh, I don't know."

DECEMBER 3.

Mr. Bell and Mr. Smith blossom forth in new blue ties. We were getting tired of those red ones.

DECEMBER 6.

Charlie Alderman dons long trousers. "Oh yes, Charlie, you look very 'swell,' and that high collar and red tie are 'quite the thing.'"

DECEMBER 7.

Riley and Smith have a wrestling match in front of the school. Riley proves to be the "bes' man," but Miss Higgins remains unconvinced.

DECEMBER 9.

Bert Taylor was the "swellest" boy in the school. His cheeks were twice their normal size.

DECEMBER 13.

Miss Raser brings a doll to school. Great excitement among the young gentlemen.

DECEMBER 15.

Miss Stecher, Williams and Lauferty "skip" Theme class.

DECEMBER 16.

Orr was on the bench. Strange!

DECEMBER 17.

Sid Swartz was quietly enjoying a game of dice in Civil Government Class, when Mr. Lane appeared on the scene. Nothing was said at the time, but Swartz heard all he wanted in Geometry Class.

DECEMBER 19.

Johnson wears his frock coat to school. We might think there was going to be a wedding, but Nina is dressed the same as usual.

DECEMBER 20.

We wonder if Miss Blank really asked Brackenridge to show Dash the proofs of her photos. And was her anger only skillful acting.

DECEMBER 21.

Christmas vacation begins.

JANUARY 1898.

JANUARY 2.

School begins. Was Drayer's new hat a Christmas present.

JANUARY 3.

Miss Durnell springs new dress No. 2 on the F. W. H. S. Wonder if Santa visited her during vacation.

JANUARY 4.

Professor Crowe to Miss Study: "Have you ever been in water, Miss Blanche?"

JANUARY 5.

Mr. Douglass tries to find out the age of every young lady in the Senior Class. Wonder if Miss Astry told hers?

JANUARY 8.

Mr. Bell wears a pair of patent leather shoes to school. Oh yes, S. B. Thing & Co. had a "fire sale" Saturday.

JANUARY 9.

The Freshmen learn to play marbles, or attempt to; for we doubt if the Freshmen can *learn* anything.

JANUARY 10.

Mr. Lane to Upmeyer in Geometry Class: "If you were to say because part of the time, you would not say 'An-na' so much." Now who can Anna be?

JANUARY 11.

Overheard in Vergil Class: 1. Miss Lauferty, "Bid me good-bye and go." That sounds as if Miss Lilian were mixing her "dates." 2. Miss Match, "Jove *fetched* me with his thunder-bolts." Now, that is too bad.

JANUARY 13.

We wonder whether it is the foggy weather that made five Seniors and as many Juniors stay at home this noon; or do Vergil and Cicero become difficult at the same time?

JANUARY 16.

Miss Kolb to one of the Seniors in Civil Government Class: "Well, perhaps you know, but I have never lived among the Indians."

JANUARY 17.

Miss Hamilton to a number of Seniors: "You are so old that you act as if you were in your 'second childhood.'"

JANUARY 18.

Miss Raser is the first girl in the Senior Class to be honored with a front seat.

JANUARY 19.

Taylor occupies the "bench."

JANUARY 20.

Misses Miller and Stecher wear new dresses to school. It appears that paying for their class pins did not "strap" all the Seniors.

JANUARY 22.

The Seniors receive their class pins, and as usual the Juniors look grim with envy.

JANUARY 23.

Douglass to Calendar Editor: "Do you rember that along in November Sid Swartz and Lilian Ortman and Agnes Murdock all had new dresses?" Ladies first.

JANUARY 24.

Miss Murdock has her seat changed. What will Ben Bell do?

JANUARY 25.

Mr. Parker '98 visits High School.

JANUARY 26.

Miss Sponhauer fastens a placard to her desk bearing the legend, "This seat engaged." We hear that Maud has been to a fortune teller lately, so can this be a case of container for things contained?

JANUARY 27.

A. Jay Read honors (?) High School with a visit. Mr. Read's knowledge of Virgil is really remarkable. Of course.

JANUARY 30.

Second half begins. Some of the little Freshmen come down from on high, and Nelson McLain is seated next to Miss Williams. We await developments.

JANUARY 31.

Miss Sewell: "I am not positive whether Bert Taylor or Ben Bell is the prettiest girl in the Senior class."

FEBRUARY 1.

Spelling match in Virgil class. Here are some examples: Taylor, prophesy—p-r-o-f-c-c-y; Miss Williams, reins—r-e-i-g-n-s; Miss Matsch, murmur—m-u-r-m-e-r.

FEBRUARY 2.

Mr. Crowe to Grace Brown, magnets are not the things that are attractive.

FEBRUARY 3.

Ethel Taylor in Latin class: They were people that were sort of birds.

FEBRUARY 6.

Seniors decide to give the contract for their photographs to Barrows.

FEBRUARY 7.

Prof. McMillan to Ed Orr: "Ed, I wish you'd turn around. I like to see your smiling countenance, and the back of your head is too hard on my eyes."

FEBRUARY 8.

We wonder what is the cause of George Drayer's extremely festive appearance. Item, a hair-cut; item, a new blue and white collar; item, a new red tie. This is almost too much of a muchness for our little boy on one short day.

FEBRUARY 9-10.

School is closed on account of the extreme cold.

FEBRUARY 13.

Mr. Leidolf treated several of the Seniors to the heat of the coal stove in his parlor.

FEBRUARY 14.

An informal (extremely so) hop is given in Mr. Crowe's room.

FEBRUARY 15.

Blanche Tinkham: "When I was a little bit of a kid I used to be struck on Baron Long."

FEBRUARY 16-17.

Prof Study lectures before the Civil Government class.

FEBRUARY 17.

Myrtle Long pensively: "Oh my little finger is bow-legged."

FEBRUARY 20.

Mr. A. Wood of New York enters the F. W. H. S. At this early date we are not prepared to say whether this is worth recording or not.

FEBRUARY 21.

"Poor Polyphemus," exclaimed Miss Ortman, "as long as he had only one eye, it meant just the same no matter how he *wank*.

FEBRUARY 22.

Washington's birthday. Mr. Lane reads chapel portions from George William Curtice's address before Union College at the Commencement Exercises in 1877.

FEBRUARY 23-24.

Mr. Lane makes a tour of all the classes.

FEBRUARY 27.

Fred Huston actually scrapes up courage enough to speak to one of the Senior girls.

FEBRUARY 28.

Senior ideas of love. Louise Raser: "She cherished the love in her brain." Blanche Tinkham: "She dragged love through her bones." Ah Vergil, couldst thou but have known!

MARCH 1.

Orr wears his best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit to school. Can Glo Miller resist this touching proof of affection?

MARCH 2.

Miss Williams and Miss Lauferty give an impromptu concert by rattling their "Trilby," "Nethersole," "Chain," etc., bracelets.

MARCH 3.

Senior girl: "Just think Professor McMillan said he was going to stand in the hall and hold all the girls up!" Great excitement ensues.

MARCH 6.

Norman Olds turns professor and helps the "delinquents" make up their Physics work.

MARCH 7.

Preparation of the index for the "Vedette" is begun.

"The Spirit of '98."

Students of Law.

[Being stray shots from oral examinations in the Law (?) School.]

Question—"Mr. Johnson; explain Habeas Corpora."

Mr. J.—"Remark made by the captain of a victorious foot-ball team to the friends of the defeated eleven."

Question—"Mr. Taylor; what is a Writ of Attachment?"

Mr. T.—"It is a letter from L. K."

Question—"Mr. Upmeyer; what do you understand by ad ostium ecclesial (at the church door)?"

Mr. U.—"To me it signifies that Miss F. S. wishes to see me, *ad ostium ecclesial.*"

Question—"Mr. Drayer; what do you think of the expression licentia loquendi (leave to talk)?"

Mr. D.—"I don't think much of it. I've last the privilege since I encountered Miss L. R."

Question—"Mr. Rothschild; with what you associate nam de minimis non curat lex? (for the law does care for trifles)."

Mr. R.—"I associate it with a remark made by some one when I complained of an injury and was denied satisfaction."

Question—"Mr. Longacre; can you inform us as regards non compos mentis?"

Mr. L.—"It's-a, it's-a-a, I don't know what it is."

Question—"Mr. Smalz; when would you discontinue suit?"

Mr. S.—"When another fellow cut me out."

Question—"Mr. Keel; what is a distress?"

Mr. K.—"A pain in the head caused by thinking."

Question—"Have you ever had any experience in this line?"

Mr. K.—"No sir. Never."

Question—"Mr. Ellison; to what would you apply the phrase, ad studeddum et orandum, (for study and prayer)?"

Mr. E.—"The 'bench,' so called. The reason is obvious."

What's in a Name.

WHILE studying Reading yesterday, I fell asleep, and this what I dreamed:

I put on my "Saylor" and went out riding with "Little-john." Since our horse was a "Raser," we made good speed. After driving through a shady "Wood" in which we saw a blue-"Jay," we noticed a house at the end of a "Lane," and I proposed that we go "Thayer" and get a drink of water. An old lady came to meet us, and gave us the whole history of the house and its "Owen"-er. We learned that the farm was the property of a "Ritche y-" oung widower who would be a great "Match" for somebody. She told us that he had gone to dig potatoes, for those he "Doug las"-t night were too small, but added, "he 'Will son' be back." Since we were not interested in the widower, we drove on after getting some "Sauer" apples.

A man with as big a load of wheel-"Barrows" as a "Wagen hals" passed by, and said he wished to "Warn er" caution us to lead the horse so that it would not run away when we passed the scare "Crowe" which was in the next field near the road.

At length, we came to "New ton" and stopped at the hotel for dinner. At the table a "Taylor" was telling of his experience in playing "Poole," and I had to "Lauf ert y's" jokes. John ate so much "Tuckey" and "Graham" bread that I was alarmed, and thought I'd have to get a "Dray er" wagon to take him home.

When ready to start back John said, "How 'Kan a g(a)et home? It ap 'Pearse' to me somebody has stolen the horse." After a wearisome search, the horse was found; it had not been stolen but had started away of its own accord.

The "Bur dett" had been loose for sometime, was lost, and it was so "Smalt(z)" that we could not find it. Those at the village store were not the "Reilz(e)ize." We were in despair; suddenly a little boy said that we could get one at his home, for he had a "Hull" box full. He started off toward home and paid no attention to me when I said, "Howey'll you carry the box?"

While he was gone a little girl came running up, and asked whether we knew any "Koons-ongs." She said she had to "Sew all" day and was going to run away from home.

Just then the "Bell" rang and awakened me. My first thought was, "What is in a name?"

HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB.

Too Much Johnson ..... John H. Jones
The Lovers ..... Rietze
Much Ado About Nothing ..... Augusta F. Sewall
The Court Beauty ..... Bertha Weibke
The Fairy Queen ..... Ethelwynn C. Taylor
A Gust of Wind ..... C. Keel
Merry Wives of Windsor ..... G. Brown, N. Astry, B. Phelps
Midsummer Night's Dream ..... B. Taylor, L. Kanaga
An Impudent Young Couple ..... C. Upmeyer, E. Saylor
As you like it ..... Sid. Schwartz
Jack and the Beanstalk ..... Chas. Thayer, A. Lewellyn
A Brass Monkey ..... Chas. Rothschild
The Devil's Deputy ..... Alex Olds
Queen of Brilliant ..... Alma Paul
A Contented Woman ..... Glo Miller

The Home Circle.

[Correspondents are requested to sign their true name.]

DEAR HOME CIRCLE:

I am a little girl, eight years old and weigh one hundred pounds. I have a bicycle which I ride very much in company with one of my teacher friends. I love music and dancing and all the fine arts. Wishing long life to the Home Circle, I remain, E. C. T.

DEAR CIRCLE:

Is there some young lady in the Circle who is making a collection of autographs? If so I would be happy to correspond with her as I am interested in autographs and other things. FRANK B.

DEAR CIRCLE:

I am a little boy. I weigh 80 lbs. I stand 3 ft., 4 inches in my own shoes. I love to go to school and I love all my teachers. I have a pony all my own and I use it every day. I want to get another and then I can go as fast, oh so fast—as anything. CHAS. R.

MY DEAR CIRCLERS:

Will you take a stranger into your midst? I feel quite timid in venturing to write a letter for publication. I am sixteen years of age and I weigh one hundred and forty pounds; just think of it! I am five feet six inches in height and a young gentleman thinks I am fairly good looking. My, what am I saying? I am greatly interested in Physics; in fact in all studies and I pursue them with much zeal. If any one of the circle is collecting stamps, I would like to correspond with him. With very best wishes, I remain, MABLE D.

MY DEAR CIRCLERS:

Would some one please give me a receipt for making coffee? I lost my own at Rome City last summer.

CARL D.

DEAR CIRCLE:

I come into the Circle to ask a question. What is necessary in order to become a good cook. I want to be one, but I don't know how to begin. Will some one tell me? LOTTA G.

My Dear Home Circlers:

I pen these few lines with some trepidation as I am not yet accustomed to write for publication although I hope to some day when I grow up and write my famous book on "The Case of the Poor," which is to be a great treatise on the existing conditions of the day which you all know are terrible, especially in India and Africa where they are absolutely without winter clothing and hence suffer terribly. I think that every one should aid in this great work as it is a good one and if there are any circle friends who would like to lend a helping hand they will please notify me. With love to all the circle, I remain as ever, Yours very sincerely, A. F. S.

Note—Letters were received from Misses Pearl Foster, Jesse Reitze, Eva Buck, Grace Brown and Ada Burdette; Messrs. Johnson, Taylor, Smith, Drayer and Riley sent letters to the Circle, but owing to our limited space we are unable to publish them.

Editors.

CHEMICAL STATISTICS.

NAMES.	OCCURENCE.	FORMS OF OCCURENCE.	PHYSICAL PROPERTIES.	CHEMICAL PROPERTIES.	COMPOUNDS.
J--n J--ns-n	Occurs in large quantities Found in all Athletic Associations.	As an athlete. As a brownie king.	A solid. Of a red color. Weight 300 lbs.	Affinity for girls. Explosive when in contact with Burns.	Phelpo-Johnsonide. Matcho-Johnsonide.
L-u-s- Ra--r	Any old place.	As a very loquacious person.	A liquid resembling quick silver.	A racer, hence very active.	No compounds known, She is not to be blamed.
A-g-st-S-w-ll	Not distributed widely. Very rare.	As a critic, even of perfection.	Very unstable.	Affinity for Rex D. and B D_2 Affinity not mutual. Highly explosive.	None known.
B--t T-y-or	In Cooking Clubs. In foot-ball teams. In dancing hall.	As a source of much annoyance to Miss Kolb.	Fine complexion. Bashful.	Affinity for L. K. Very inert.	Leo-Taylorite.
E-w-n O-r	Widely distributed like all metal ores.	As a man of business. (?) As a committeeman.	Many good qualities, which are hidden like metals in ores.	Affinity for G. M. Very inert.	Glo-Oride=Gloride.
B-rn-D--gl-ss	Occurs in large quantities Found wherever there is any power to be usurped.	As a boss. As a piano puncher. As a composer.	See Johnson.	Strong affinity for Ethel. Very active. For explosive power see Johnson.	Etho-Douglide.
N-n- A-t-y	Wherever she can have fun.	As the personification of a smile. In Joliet.	Fine complexion. Winning ways.	Affinity for all boys, especially Ben.	No *stable* compounds known.
S-dn-y S--w-rtz	In dancing hall. In Debating Society. In street fairs.	As an elocutionist. As a debater. As a mandolin trembler. As a cake-walker.	Of a yellow color. Weight same as hydrogen	Strong affinity between his fingers and chemical apparatus.	Any old Sidnyde.
Gl- M-ll-r	In the neighborhood of mines where ores are found.	As a reducing agent.	Sweet. Magnetic.	Strong affinity for ore.	See E. O.

NAMES.	OCCURENCE.	FORMS OF OCCURRENCE.	PHYSICAL PROPERTIES.	CHEMICAL PROPERTIES.	COMPOUNDS.
L-l-an L--f-rty	At the matinee. In Greek Clubs. In Conservatory of Music	As a Class Poet. As a Class Prophet. As a Lullaby Writer.	Cylindrical. Those of a merry-go-round.	Affinity for N. O. and for Editor '98 Vedette,	Lil-Readide. Lil-Oldsate.
N-n- H--k	Only in the neighborhood of books. Very rare.	As a Student. As a woman of experience.	Very stable.	Strong affinity for books.	Hauckides of all books.
Mr. Cr-w-	Everywhere except in his room when pupils want to see him.	As a source of mirth for the whole school. As a pill-carrier.	For weight see Sidney. Rough on the Surface.	Strong affinity for his bicycle, and for pills.	Crowe-Shultzide.
M. L-n-	Wherever their is mischief.*	As the great law giver, law executor and judge.	Rotund.	Strong affinity for his bicycle and class of '99.	Too independent to form compounds.
J-m W-ls-n	In Athletic Associations. In Street Fairs. In Choruses.	As a fine tenor. As a favorite of all teachers. As a relay racer.	Bold. Jolly.	Affinity for Johnson. Affinity for church-steps.	Jim-Irmide.
Bl-nch- T-nk-am	Occurs in small quantities Wherever there are no cats.	As a mischievous school-girl. As a hater of cats.	Very unstable.	Non-affinity for cats.	Too small to combine with anything.
W-lt-r H-m-lt-n	Wherever there is mischief.†	As a music box. As a general nuisance.	Big head. Good natured.	Affinity for mischief. Affinity for Myrtle.	$M W_2 H.$
Bl-n--e St-d-	In the office.	As a source of many cute remarks.	Weak voice. Almost colorless. Very frail.	Non-affinity for geometry Affinity for Miss Stevens.	$B S_2$
J-ss-- R--tze	On the H. S. steps at 8:59 a. m. In "stags."	As the author of the Theory of the Mistletoe.	Charming. Curly. Delicate.	Affinity for D. J.	Jessi-Joneside.
Mr. L--d-lph	Wherever he can do any good.	As a heater.	Short. Always busy. Always happy.	Affinity for work. Affinity for '99 girls.	Leidolph-Thermometide.
Mr. McM-ll-n	Everywhere and anywhere in the H. S. building.	As a cause of distraction of pupils. As the yellow paper nuisance.	Very restless. Curly hair. Inexpressive chin. Sealed lips.	Affinity for yellow paper and red ink.	Chuck-Macide.

* As the punisher of mischief. † As the cause of mischief.

Side Talks with Girls.

Nina Astray: Of course it hurt your feelings to have somebody else read the note John wrote to you, but you should soon become reconciled, since you read it first.

Augusta Sewell: A broken heart can sometimes be mended with glue. It is real kind of you not to whisper in the labratory; it certainly pleases the Professor.

Grace Benoy: Probably you will find a position as "chief cook," if you advertise in the '99 Vedette.

Mabel Durnell: It is not desirable for your "stiddy company" to be more than two feet taller than yourself.

Maud Sponhauer: Some of that gentleman's sayings are: "twenty minutes for dinner," "let the latin be your guide," and "Immortal Ceasar."

Ethel Saylor: There are two ways of spelling the word—Belle a fine lady; Bell, a little boy who tries to be a fine gentleman.

Mamie Anderson: It is bad taste to be late for Chemistry when the Prof. wishes to hurry through the recitation.

Lilian Ortman: Do not worry over your lessons; your school days will soon (Willson) be over.

Nannie Williams: A pony is a small horse.

Nina Graham: You are setting a good example, and the little Sophomore who used to be in front of you is following it to the best of his ability. Please wear side-combs.

Glo Miller: It would be a good plan to tell the young gentleman who sits nearest you not to waste so much of his precious time in writing notes to you when you care nothing for him.

Louise Raser: The Encyclopedia will give you the desired information about the mistle toe.

Mae Shepard: It was very kind of you to see that the little "Frenchman" reached home in safety.

Ethel Taylor: Read Burns' Poems.

Jessie Reitze: They were laughing because you were running to your seat.

Grace Brown: If you call at Bruder's every morning they will tell whether they have received anything new in the jewelry.

Myrtle Wilding: Yes, we think that you have grown an eighth of an inch in the last year.

The C. L. C.: We cannot agree with you in thinking that you are the whole Soph. class.

Sidney Schwarz: Only the questions asked by the young ladies are to be answered in this column, but we deem it prudent to step over the bounds, since you are in need of the advice. You should refrain from writing notes to the young lady, when you find that she shows them to her friends.

Side Talks with Boys.

C-e-t-rk-e—The mustache grower you speak of is the "Imperial." It is perfectly harmless, and is applied by a small brush which comes with the preparation.

E-w-O-r—I never recommend hair dye. I advise you to leave your auburn locks alone.

G- -r-e,—i-k—"Rest," a poem by Abram J. Ryan, contains the words you wish, "I desire, what I have long desired, rest, only rest."

S- -n-y,-w-at—You can probably have a collar, as high as you mentioned, made to order; but why not wear a cuff, it would be much less expensive.

Fr-u-, Be-v-r—It is not customary for young men to wear side-combs, but why not set the fashion? Very pretty ones can be had set with Rhinestones.

C-a-l-s, R--h-chi-d. (a)—The quotation you speak of is, "Children should be seen and not heard." (B.) Yes, an Eton jacket is quite suitable for a very young boy, they are usually wore with blouse waists, with large sailor collars.

A-v-n, L-e-l-n—I know of no way of increasing one's stature, unless perhaps it is by the use of a stretcher. You can find one of these at any of the undertaking establishments.

Jo-- J-h-s-n—As a rule, girls do not care much for soft speech from young men, but there are some whose teeth are so brittle that they can't bite at anything else. I advise you to be on the safe side, and not run the risk of incurring a girl's wrath by hot buttery kind of talk.

Ch-rl-s Th-y-r—I think the trouble with your lower maxillary is overwork. The best remedy I know of is rest. Take a dose of it four times a day until relieved.

G--rge —r-y-r—No, I don't know where to find the quoatation you spoke of, but here is another quite as appropriate, I think. It is taken from an old manuscript and is, "When you have found a day to be idle, be idle for a day."

W-lt-r Ha-i-ton—Some trombones would perhaps make more noise at school than that music box. You could probably trade the music box for a pair of these at Eckart's meat market.

K-m-e Ev--s—I never advise the use of curling-irons for young men. They not only injure the hair, but are dangerous when they are hot. A better way to do, would be to roll-up your locks in curlers every night.

Be- Be-l—If you cannot find a dictionary definition of monkey to suit you, perhaps you might be able to find it in some Natural History or the like.

J--e W-l--n—Mistle-toe is used only at Chrismas time. It is never best to stand under it if you do not care for osculation, for I agree with you that it was very embarassing for that girl to kiss you; but don't worry; she probably didn't mean anything serious.

Bu--s —o--l-s —You say that you want to be a great lawyer, but you have no oratorical ability. You will probably be great; at least, I judge so from your description of yourself; but as to your oratorical ability, I advise you to go down to the banks of the Maumee and use Demosthenes method.

FINIS.

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W. F. GELLER.

LOUISE RASER: "The bear is a consternation (constellation)."

PROF. SCHULTZE: "You'll find no nothing."

MISS KOLB: "The Ariopagus tried all cases of intentional suicide."

MR. CROWE (with sorrowful mien and solemn face; having asked a question, which was followed by long silence): "Not dead, but sleeping."

NANNIE WILLIAMS: "A carbine (carbon) is a piece of rock.

MR. LANE: "Walter, what is the foot of a line?"
WALTER BARRETT: "The foot of a line is the end of a line."
MR LANE: "Well, if the foot of the line is the end, a line has two feet, hence it is a biped."

MISS MCKEAG: "Shidel thinks he is more funnier than I do."

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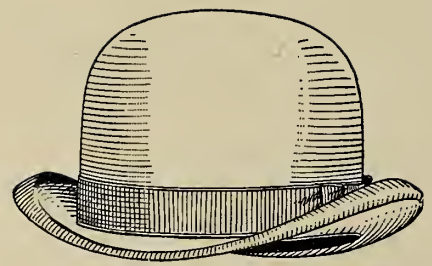

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MISS KOLB: "In whose honor were the Phythian and Olympian games held?"

SECOND YEAR: "The Phythian games were held in honor of Delphi, and the Olympian games in honor of Olympus"

ANNA MATSCH (translating Virgil): "And Achilles beheld the armless hands of Priam."

MR. MCMILLAN: "What are obsequies?"

ARTHUR PERRY: "Honorable accomplishments."

MAUD SPONHAUER: They ravaged the tents of Rhesus with their snow white sails.

SMALTZ (about to read, in debate, a report of education bureau): "I shall now read the report of the weather bureau."

KEEL: "He kept his eyes on the floor—I mean looked at the floor."

MCMILLAN: "What are glens?"

LOUISE BOND: "Small streams."

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MR. LANE (beckoning to Alex Olds, who peeped into the study hall) "Whoever you are, and wherever you came from, you are not a mortal of this planet. If you don't direct your course to the upper world immediately, the king (Miss Jay) of that world will keep you a half hour after school."

MCMILLAN: "What is the Bear?"
MISS GRAHAM: "Why, it's a consternation (constellation)."

A FRESHMAN (speaking of Mr. Lane during the music recitation) "I can't understand a word that fellow says. Who is he?"

MISS DRYER (to her first year Latin class): "That is the way Latin is did."

ALEX OLDS: "Cincinnatus was a fertile farmer."

GUY LONGACRE: "An unfortunate enemy."

MR. CROWE: "You see, now it was white."

MCMILLAN: "What relation was the man to his father."

MISS KOLB: "Anyone's else."

..SPRING '99..

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A SECOND YEAR: "I guess that gravel down in the yard must be for the freshman to play in."

MISS KOLB: "Austagoras and Nigabates would have a good stand in if they didn't fall out.

MISS SABIN: (Translating a lover's quarrel.) "Vergula vertio quo; indecrus es; Vergula says to her Tertius; you are real mean."

C. ROTHCHILD: (Speaking of the death of Priam.) "He was slewen in defending his son."

HAZEL PEARSE: "An ambassadress is a lady ambassador."

MR. MCMILLAN: "Mr. Jones, you had better read out loud to yourself."

HUGH SMALTZ. "I had already done wrote it."

A FRESHMAN: (Speaking of Mr. Crowe's hair.) "The part has departed."

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LAURA FEE: (Trying the effect of a hint at 11:45 P. M.) "If you don't stop that, you will have to go home."

MISS KOLB: "What is the Museum of Athens."

BARON LONG: "The Wonderland"

MISS KOLB: "The Athenian looks so womanly, so soft"

PAGE YARNELLE: "The stomach of the turkey is under its wing"

MISS NANIE WILLIAMS: (Trying to use a suggested translation) "Their pleasures did not attempt (tempt him.")

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MR. LANE: (To Charlie Rothschild). "I wish you would get out of the school and stay away forever."

MISS DRYER: "We have had that participles already before."

MISS RASER: "He means he is going to sat in the chair"

MISS MCKEAG: (On a warm day, placed the following above an Algebra lesson): "Not-ice."

PROF. CROWE: "What is matter?"
THAYER: "Nothin."

DOUGLAS: "And then he began to saw."

MR. LANE: "If Vergil was born in 70 B. C. and died in 19 B C. how old was he?"

MISS PHELPS: (Promptly and confidently.) "Twenty-nine"

WILSON: (To Nina Graham, who had been blowing at the gas jet for 13 minutes). "Had you not better turn off the gas?"

NINA GRAHAM: "The South Sea Bubble was formed to carry on trade."

WATCH FOR THE '99 EXCURSION!

JUNE 2.

ATTEND

...THE...

FIELD DAY

...OF THE...

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MAY 26th, 1899.

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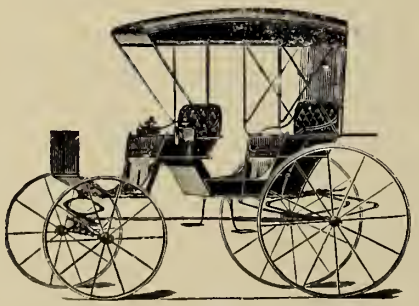

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MR. LANE: Why I have known young men to sit out on the fence to enjoy the moonlight even when it was waning.

MR. CROWE: John, how do you find the specific heat of lead?
JOHNSON: Boil the lead.

LILIAN ORTMAN: Then I circumscribed a triangle about the given triangle.

Why, a spiral staircase, said Mr. Schultze, making circles in the air with his hand, is one that goes this way.

MR. CROWE: Find the specific gravity of Paris green.

MISS PELLENS: The class was given a liquid to find what metal it was.

IDA KOONS: Charles I was a loving husband, both to his wife and children.

LILIAN ORTMAN: I can't express the meaning.
MR. CROWE: Then send it by freight.

A. C. AURENTZ,

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MISS COLVIN: (To Johnson who had just come into the room with his arms full of books.) "Are you moving John?"
JOHNSON: "No, I am sitting still."

MISS RASER: "I can't see what you are writing, Mr. Crowe."
CROWE: "Oh, can't you see through me?"

GUY LONGACRE: (Any old time.) "Of course, I can't translate this latin.
MISS SABIN: (At same time.) Oh, I can't expect you to."

JOHNSON: "Has not the United States as large a coast lines as any country in the United States."

MISS TAYLOR: "I think, though, that if we can get along without using that for that, it would be better to keep that for that, that we are keeping that for."

JULUIS NEWBERGER: "That tree is not very alive."

MISS STEVENS: "Who came into the ball room awkwardly?"
MISS STUDY: "All the young men."

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THE CURIOS:. "Why did Pressler return Miss Fitch's ring?"

BRACKENRIDGE: "Oh, we easily ran a hundred yards in seven seconds."

IDA KOONS: "His mother was a Frenchman."

MR. LANE: "This island was surrounded by water."

LEORA KANAGA: "He is great because of what he wasn't."

MR. CROWE: (Earnestly). "Oh, Miss Maud, you have broken my heart."

UPMEYER: "We have two lines drawn from the foots of the perpendiculars."

MR. CROWE: "Miss Minnie, your lense is too fat."

GUY SMILES: "I'll drag you after my wheel, like Ashilles did Hector."

MR. CROWE: "Now everyone please answer me, if he is present or absent."

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* * *

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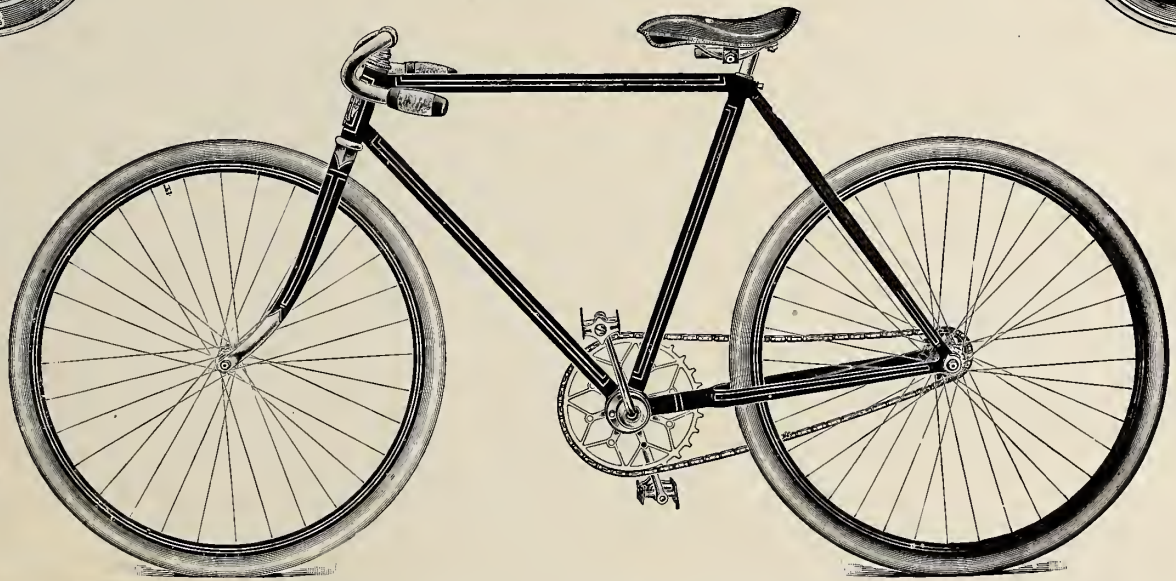

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